

JUNE

No. 2

10¢

CRACK

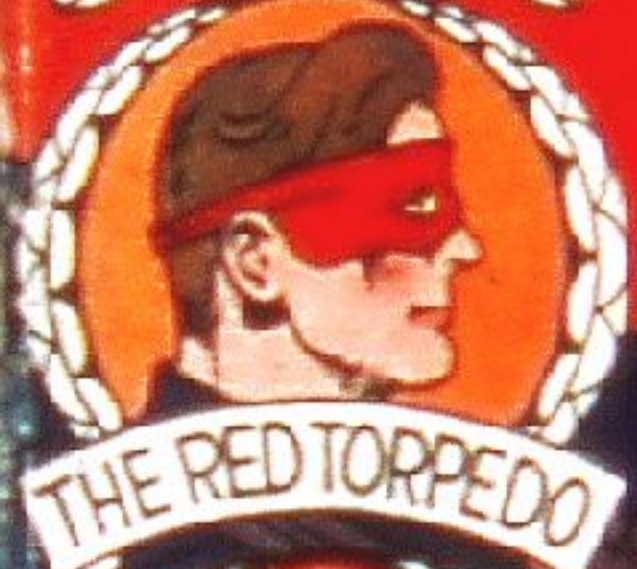
COMICS



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



THE RED TORPEDO



ALIAS THE SPIDER



IN THIS ISSUE
THE
BLACK CONDOR
The Man Who Can Fly!
ALSO MOLLY THE MODEL
NED BRANT MADAM
FATAL SLAP HAPPY
PAPPY LEE PRESTON
THE SPACE LEGION
WIZARD WELLS and
AND MANY OTHERS
64 PAGES IN FULL COLOR



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys!



With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow.
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclelock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you should
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for free copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE Booklet**

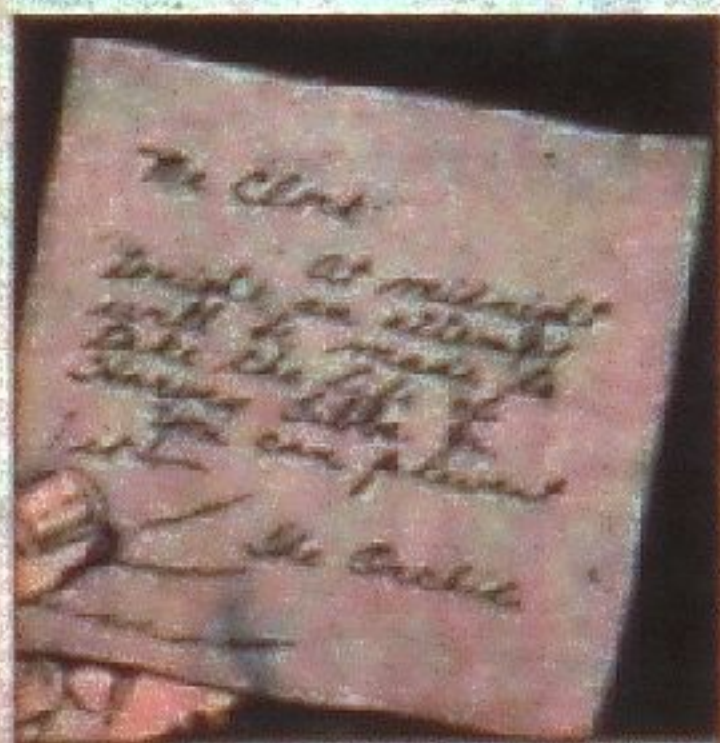
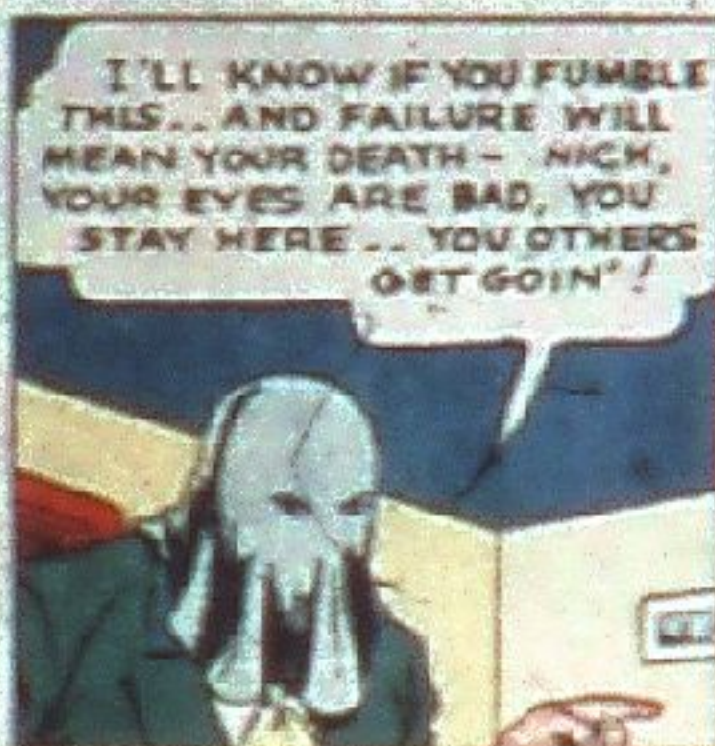
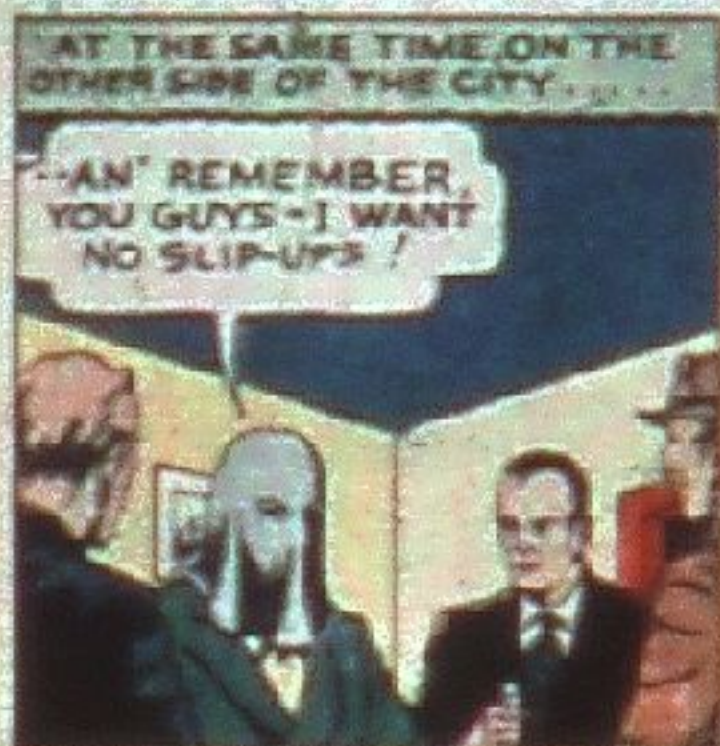
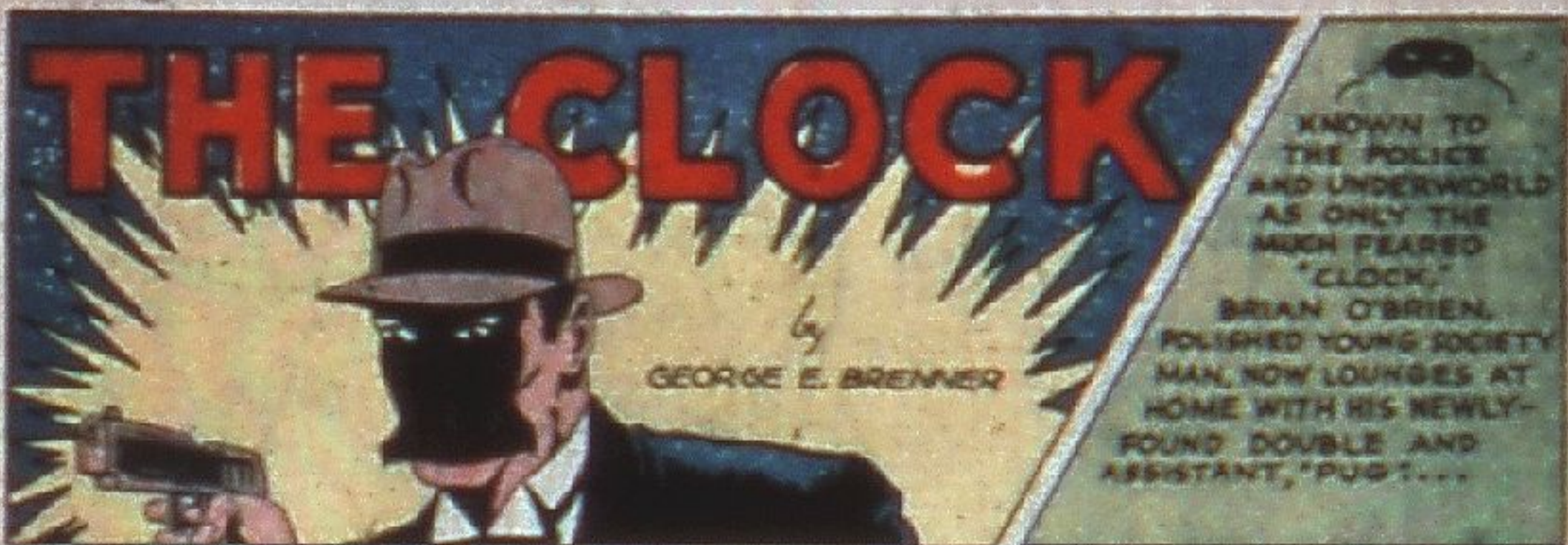
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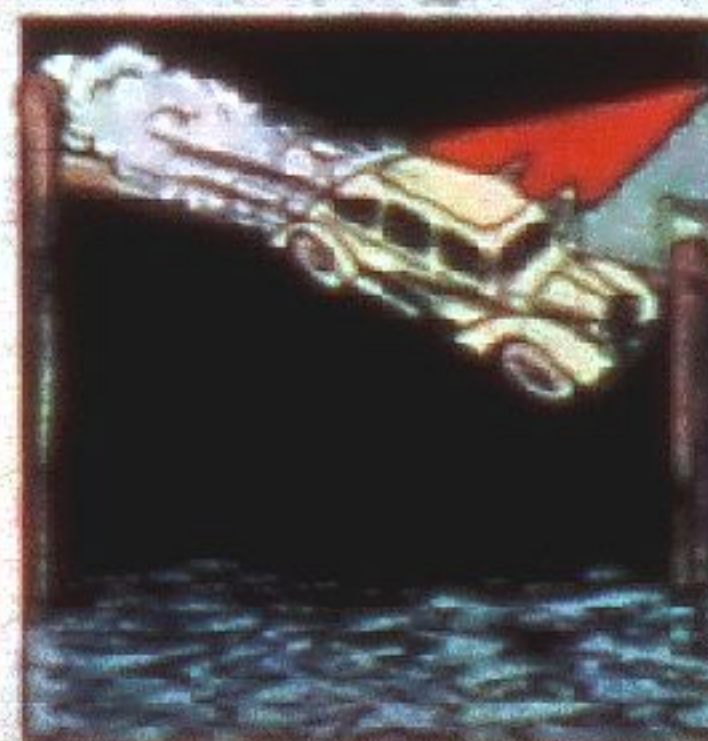
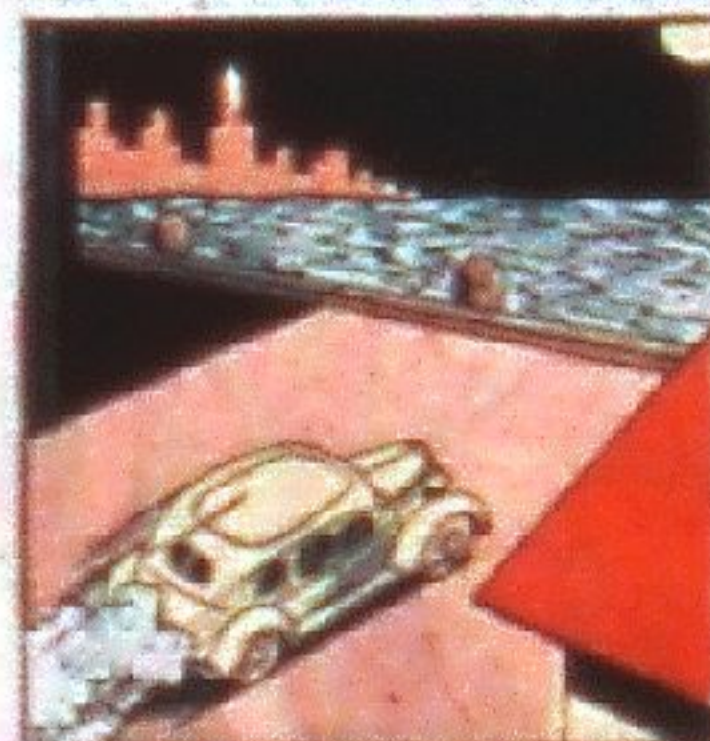
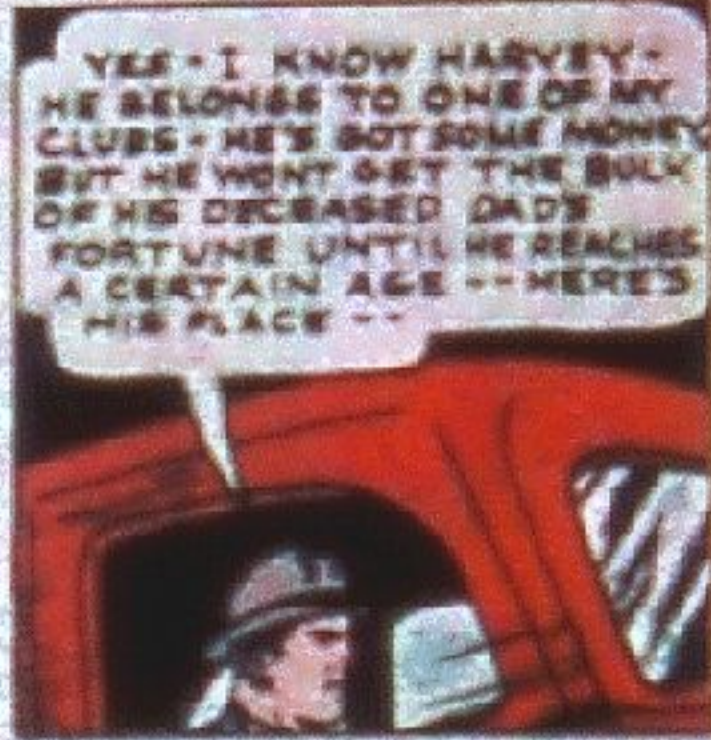
Please send me copy of the 1940 illustrated FREE booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name _____

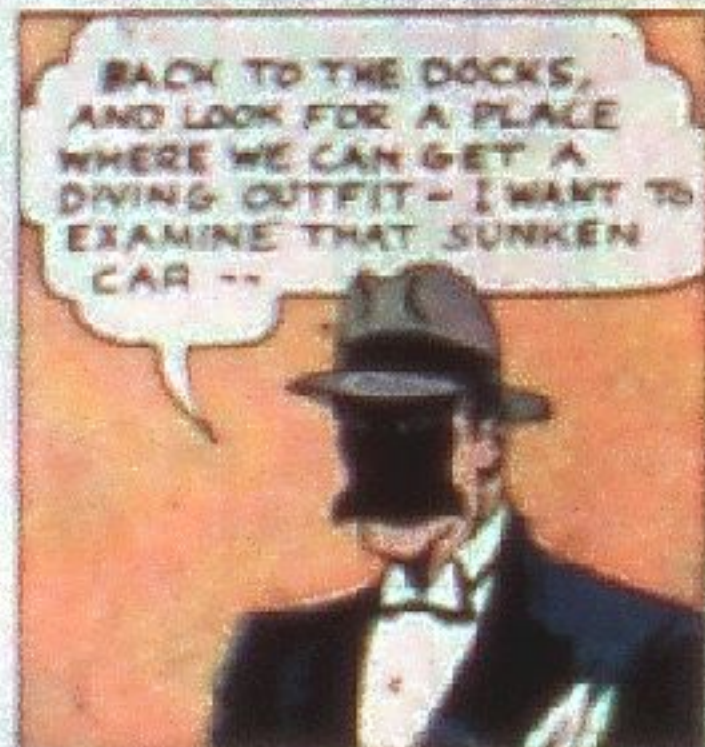
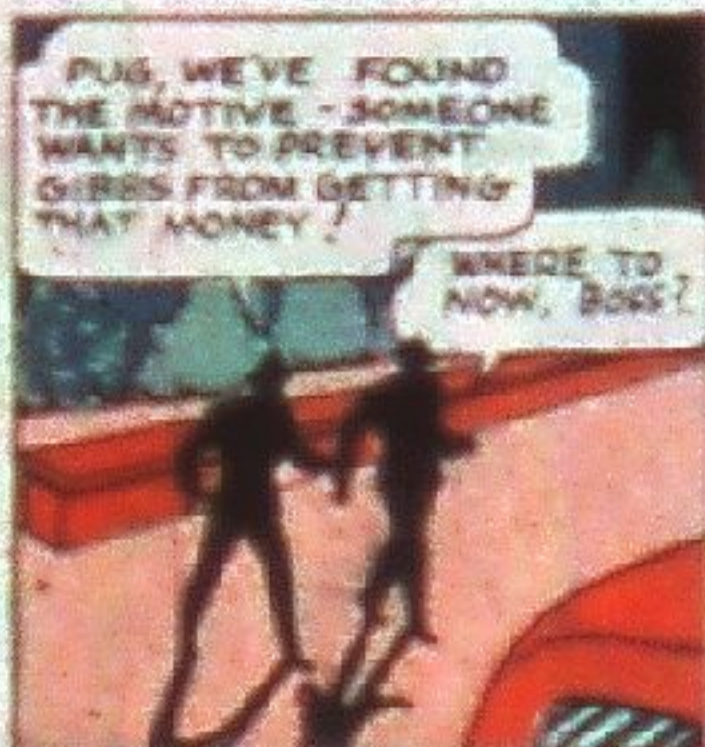
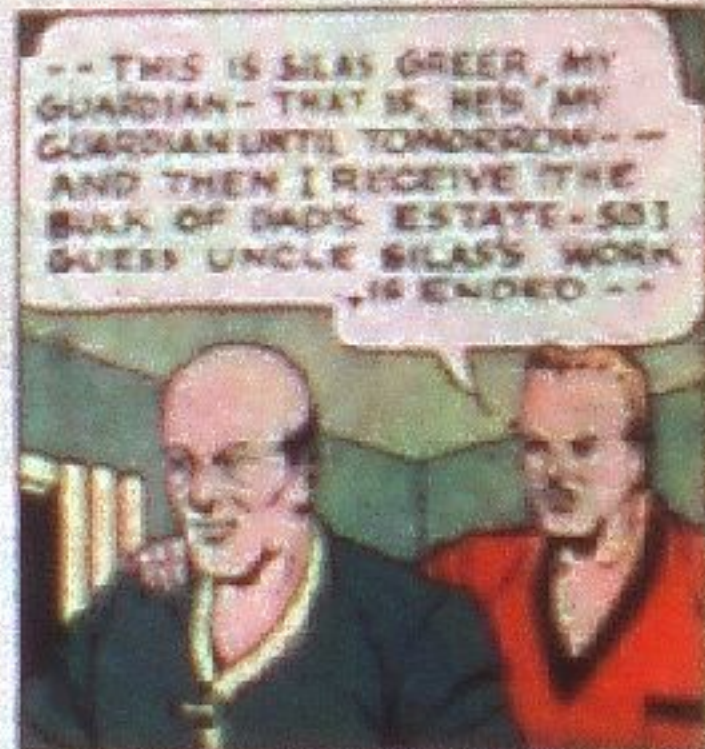
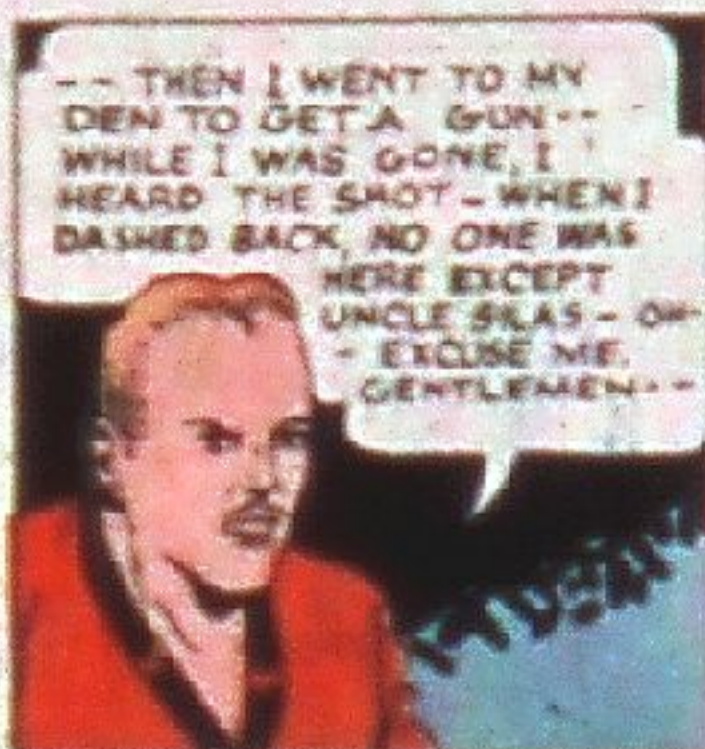
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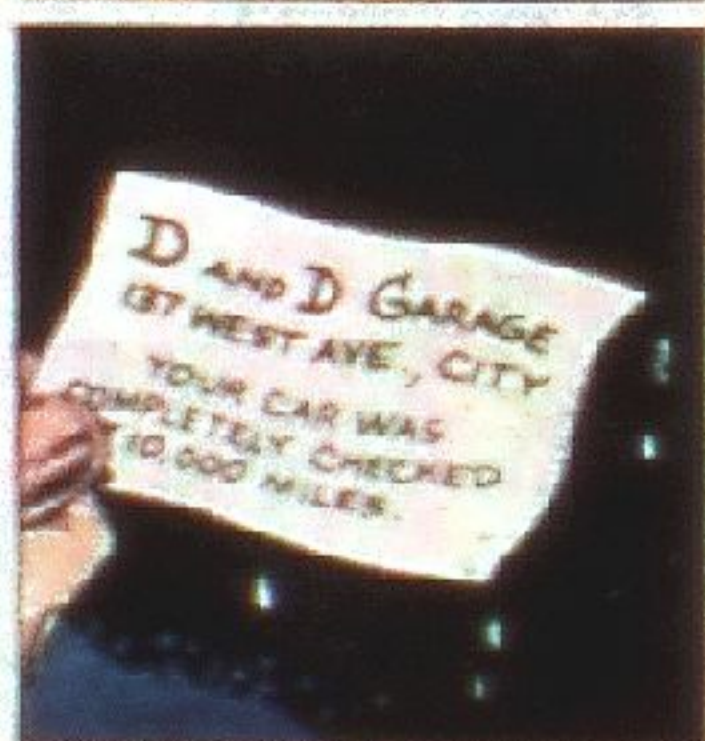








LATER -- A DIVING SUIT IS RENTED, AND NOW THE CLOCK IS READY TO DESCEND TO THE RIVER BOTTOM.

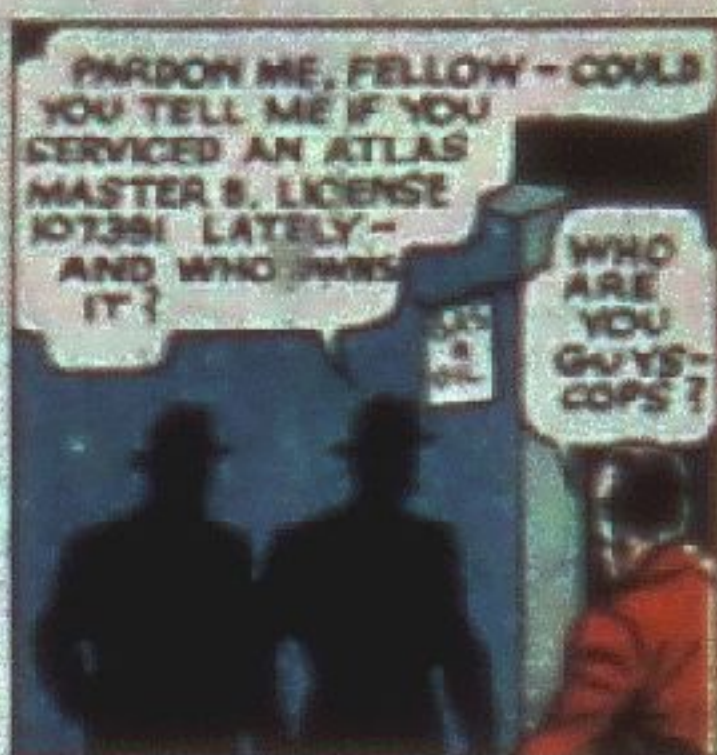




THAT CARD ADDRESS
IS OUR NEXT STOP,
PUG - LET'S GO --



HERE'S THE
PLACE --



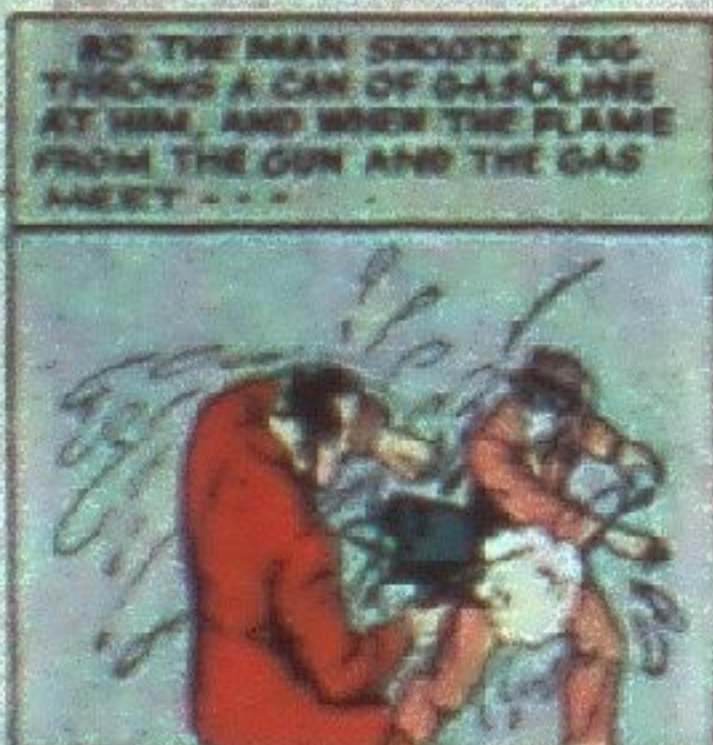
PARDON ME, FELLOW - COULD
YOU TELL ME IF YOU
SERVICED AN ATLAS
MASTER 8, LICENSE
107391 LATELY -
AND WHO OWNS
IT?

WHO
ARE
YOU
GUYS -
COPS?



NO -
NOT
EXACTLY --

WHAT TH...?
THEN SCRAM
OUTA HERE --
BEFORE I BLOW
YA APART!



AS THE MAN SHOOT, PUG
THROWS A CAN OF GASOLINE
AT HIM, AND WHEN THE FLAME
FROM THE GUN AND THE GAS
MEET --



EEYOWW!



WILL YOU TALK
NOW, BUDDY --
OR DO YOU
WANT MORE
MEDICINE?

N-NO -
DON'T - I'LL
TALK!



THAT ATLAS CAR IS
OWNED BY NICK PETERS -
HE LIVES AT 21 WOOD
STREET, THATS ALL I
KNOW, FELLAS -
HONEST!



TIE HIM UP, PUG --
WE'RE GOING TO VISIT
MR. PETERS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE
CLOCK AND PUG ENTER
PETERS' APARTMENT

DON'T MOVE,
GENTLEMEN!

IT'S TH --
THE
CLOCK!



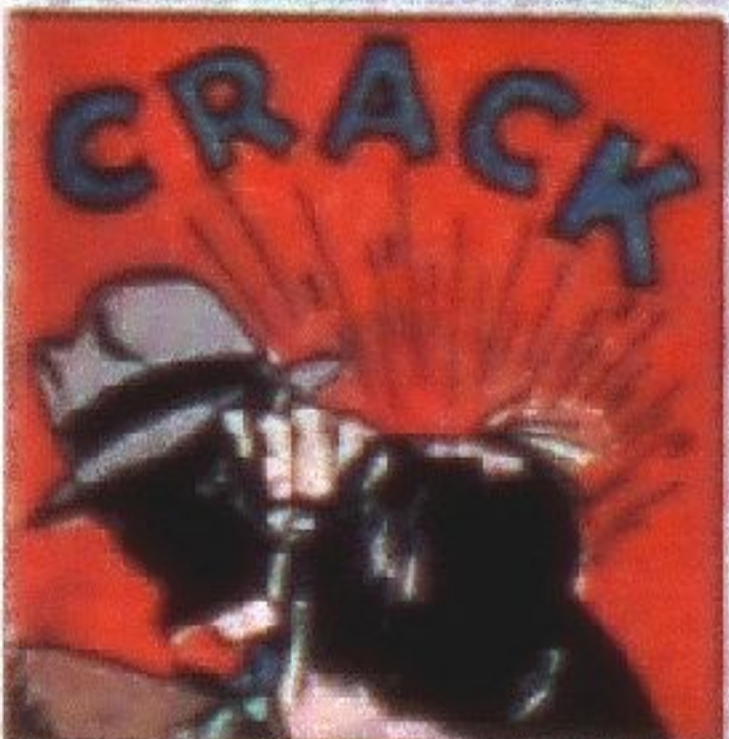
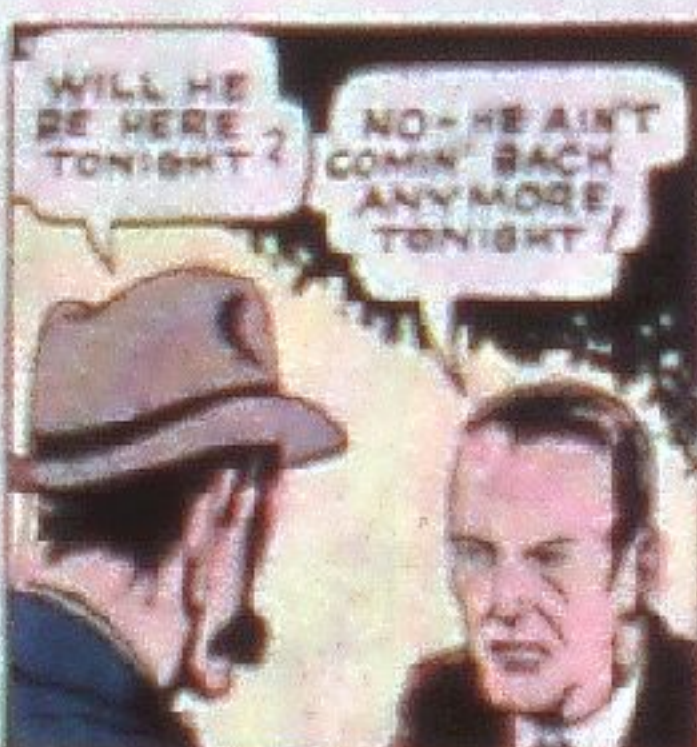
HOW'D YOU GUESS IT! - WHICH
ONE OF YOU IS
NICK PETERS?

I - I AM!



-B-BUT FIRST LET
ME PUT THESE
DROPS IN MY
EYES - I CAN'T
SEE VERY
WELL --

NEVER
MIND THAT I
ANSWER HIS
QUESTIONS!

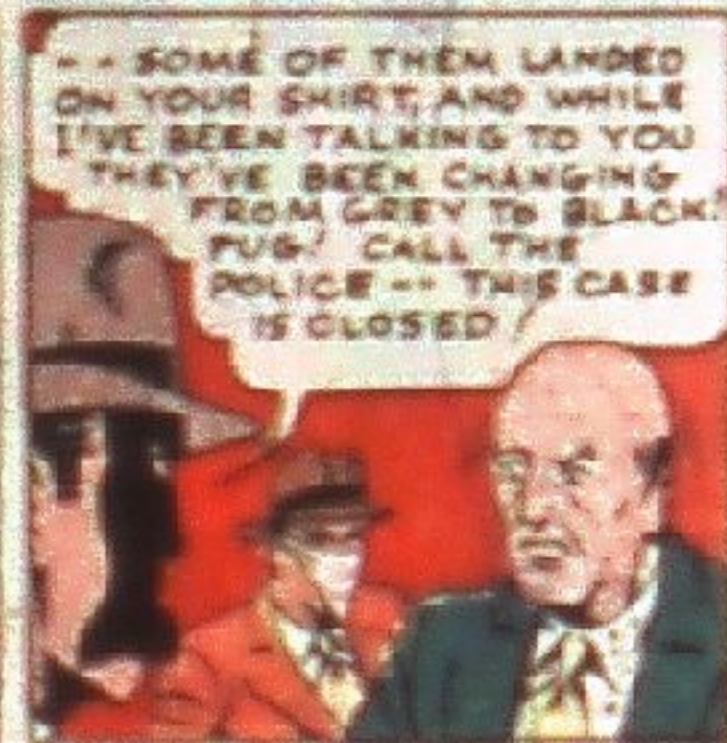
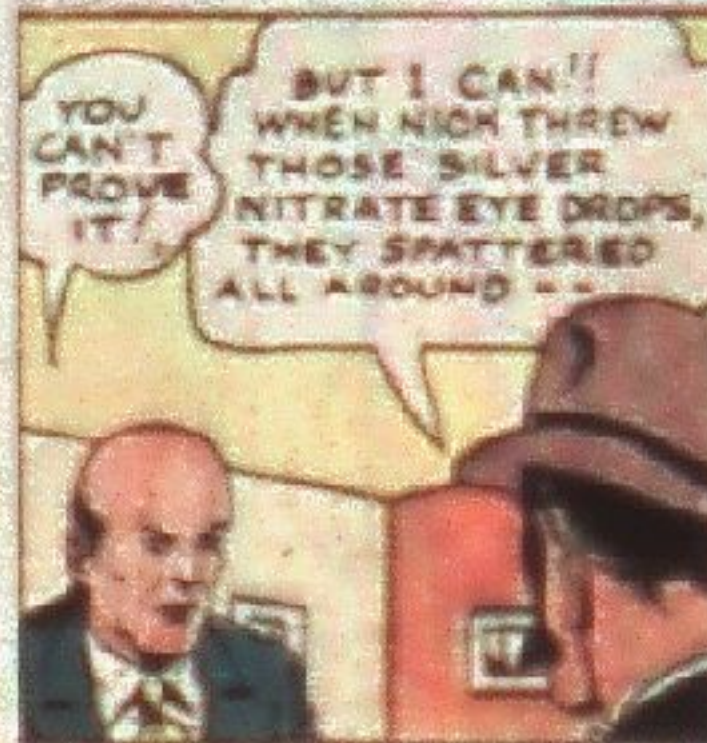
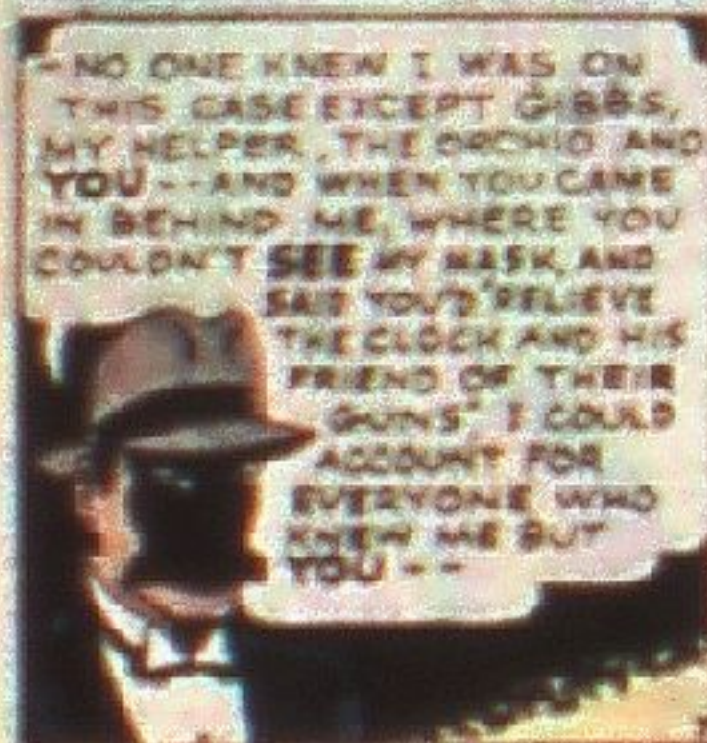
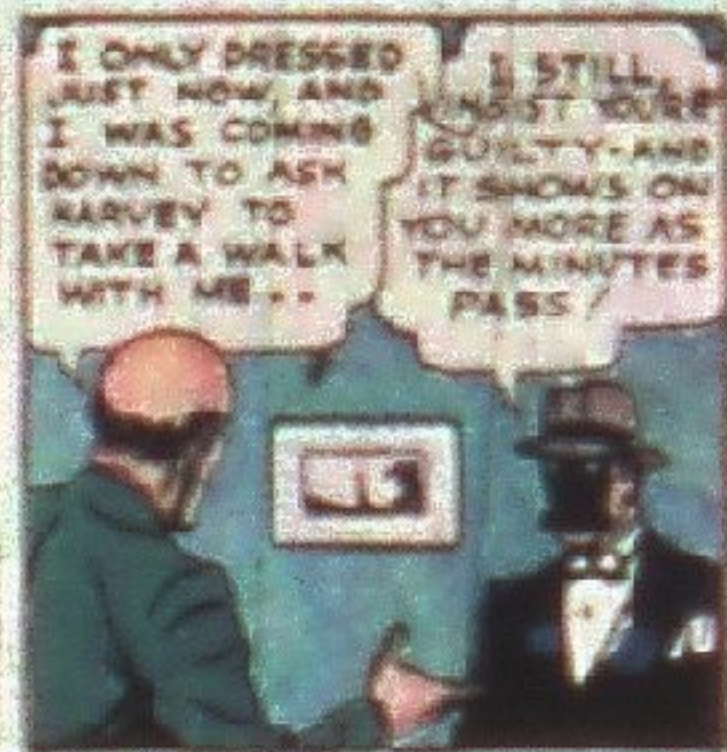




TEN MINUTES LATER, AS THE CLOCK AND PUG REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...



A SHORT TIME LATER....



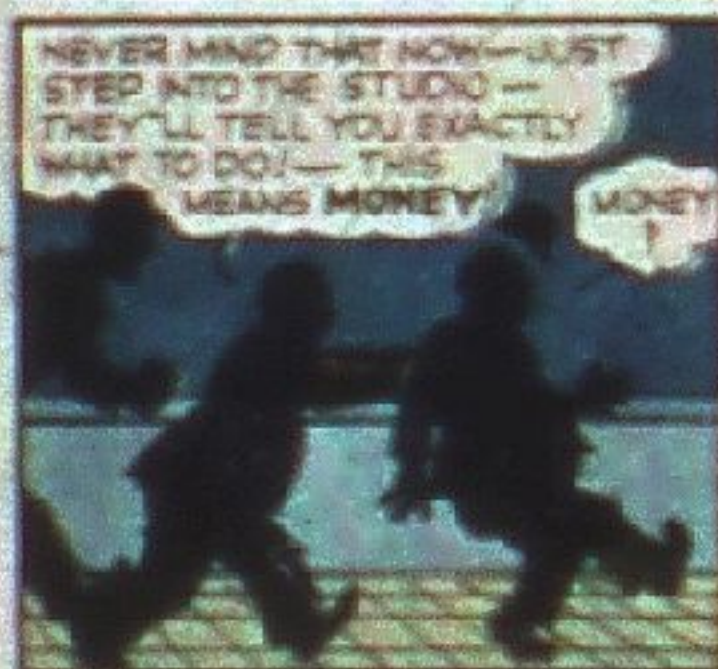
MOLLY THE MODEL

GOLLY, MOLLY—
IT'S SWELL
I'VE ALONE!

SO SWELL
I'M AFRAID IT
WON'T LAST,
DANNY!



MOLLY • MODEL



One month later... Molly looks at page 24 of MCGLOOK'S MAGAZINE to find...



MOLLY & MODEL

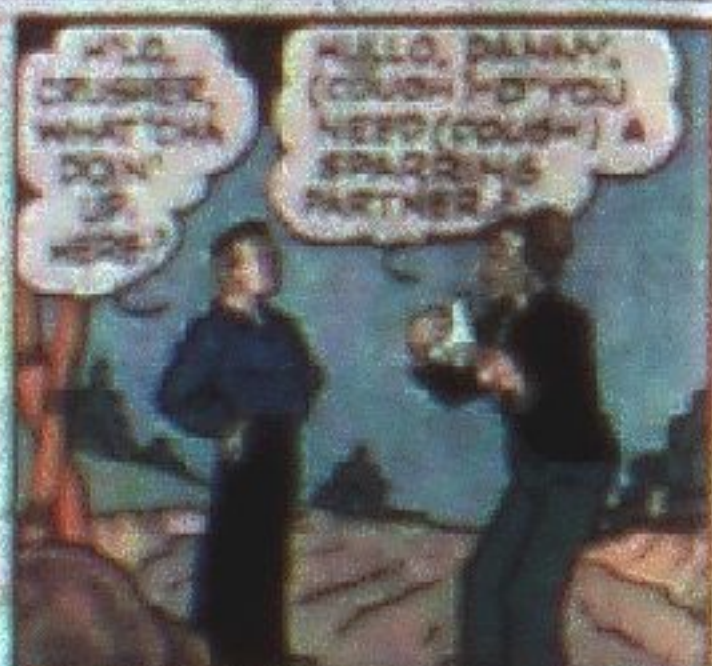
WEST END TITUSVILLE
BUNNY DRIVER'S
TRAINING CAMP



IS DANNY GOING TO BE SURPRISED WHEN HE SEES ME ARRIVING AT HIS TRAINING CAMP?



WHEN! WELL, THAT SIX MILES OF ROADWORK IS OVER... SAY, THAT FELLA COMIN' DOWN THE ROAD LOOKS LIKE CRUSHER CRUMBSKY



W.D. CRUSHER, WHAT'DA YOU DOIN' UP HERE?

HELLO, DANNY, (COUGH) YOU NEED (COUGH) A SPARRING PARTNER?



I GUESS I CAN USE ONE - BUT YOU HAVE A BAD COUGH

YEAH - THAT'S WHY (COUGH) I NEED DOUGH (COUGH) TODAY THE DOCTORS (COUGH) (COUGH)



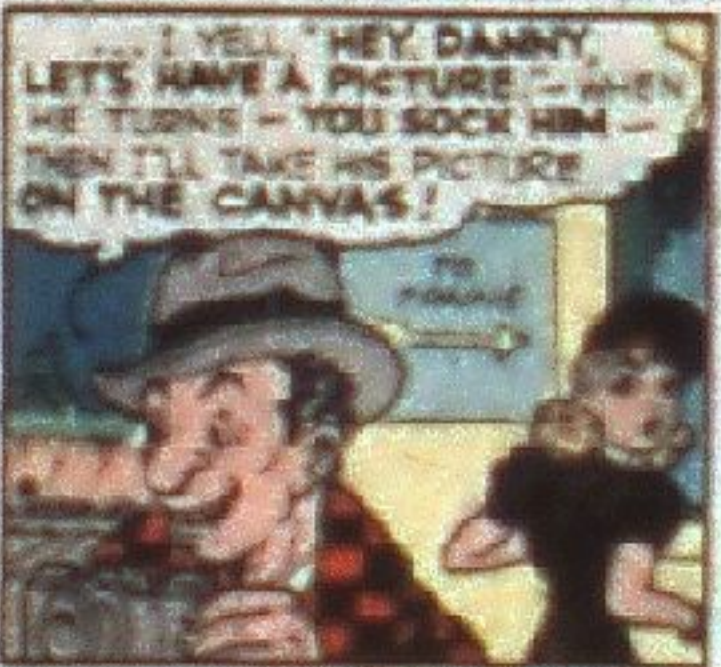
ANYWAY, CRUSHER - I'LL GO EASY ON YOU IN THE RING!

OH, THANKS, DANNY! I'M SORRY I'VE COME DOWN TO THE STATION FOR MY BAG!

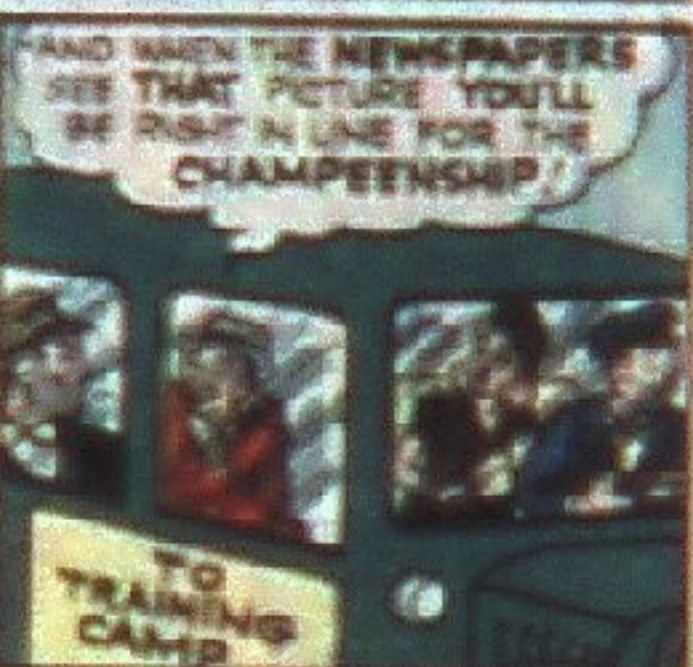


HA - YOU'D A GOOD LAUGH! HE FELL FOR THAT COUGH GAS LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!

SWELL, CRUSHER - HERE'S HOW THE SCHEME WORKS - YOU'RE IN THE RING WITH HIM ANY...



...I YELL "HEY, DANNY, LET'S HAVE A PICTURE" - WHEN HE TURNS - YOU SOCK HIM - THEN I'LL TAKE HIS PICTURE ON THE CANVAS!

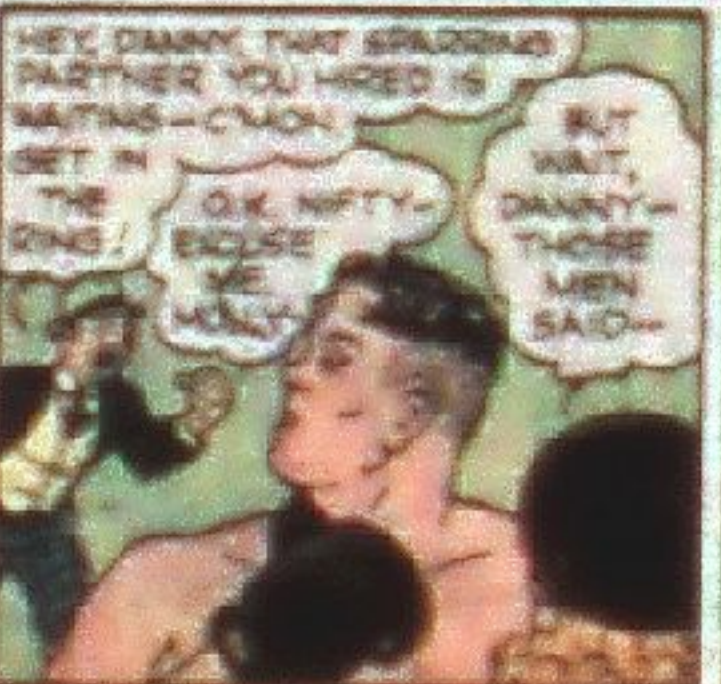


AND WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS SEE THAT PICTURE YOU'LL BE RIGHT IN LINE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP!



GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME UP - I'VE BEEN TRAINING MOLLY!

LISTEN, DANNY - I JUST HEARD TWO MEN TALKING ON THE BUS -



HEY, DANNY, THAT SPARRING PARTNER YOU HIRED IS WAITING - COME ON - GET IN THE RING!

OK, NIFTY - EXCUSE ME, MOLLY!

BUT WAIT, DANNY - THOSE MEN SAID -



OH DEAR - I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO TELL HIM ABOUT THOSE MEN!

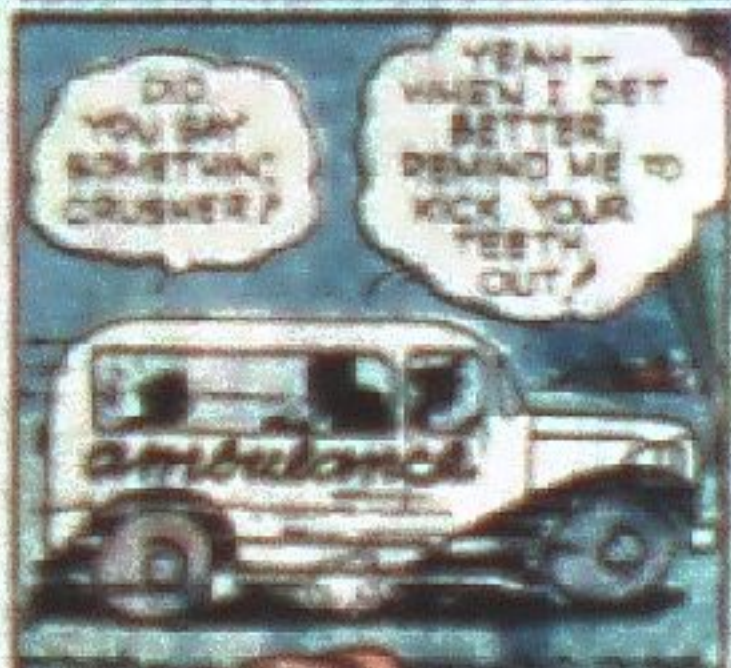
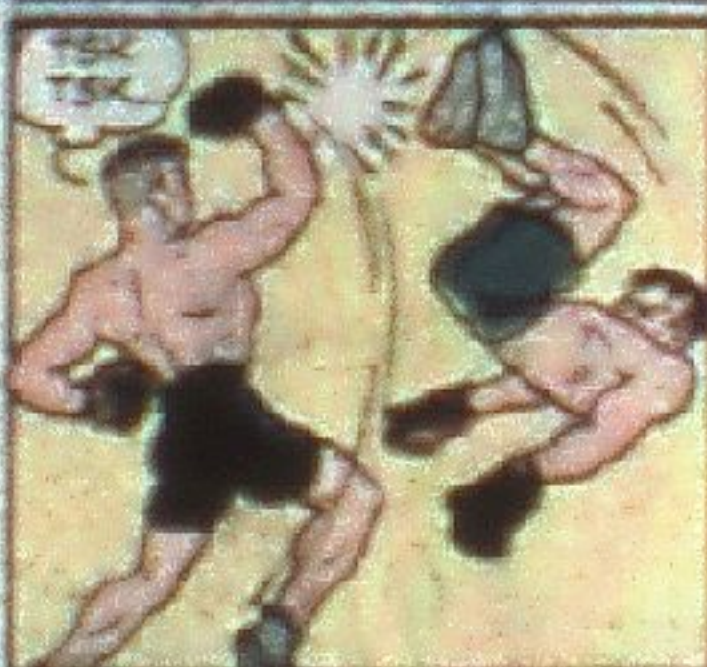


HEY, DANNY, HOW ABOUT A PICTURE?

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE.

Molly Model

CRACK COMICS



Rube Goldberg's SIDE SHOW

THE BRAIN DERRY
ON OUR NEW MOVIE TEST
OF THE SITTING THROUGH A
DOUBLE FEATURE ARE YOU
ENTITLED TO ONE AND
THAT'S ALL
IF YOU WIN A WIFE ON
THANKS NOTE (SHOULD YOU
WANT A BRIDE) AGAINST
THE THUNDERBOLTS OUT
THE SHOW IS OVER



NEW WAY TO
GET TO A SEAT...



OUR LATEST INVENTION
ON HOW TO OVERCOME CLEVER
CRUNCHING AT DINNER...
WHEN BURTS TAKE CLEVER
FROM THE A SIDE OF WALLS
ON THE TALL TALL TALL HOWLS
HE DROPS BONE 'N' STINGS 'N'
PULLS CORN 'N' RELAXING
FLY 'N' BUTLER 'N' CHASES
RY AROUND ROOM...HE
BRUSHES BONES DROWN
OUT CRUNCHING CLEVER...
THIS DOESN'T WORK, HIT THE
BURST ON THE HEAD...



"LITTLE BUTCH"
LOOK! A
STOMACHWAY!!



OH! I'M TOO
FAINT TO TOLL
AT THIS LUNCH
COUNTER ANY
LONGER...



I MUST
KEEP THE
POOR
GIRL ON THE JOB
BUT HOW
TO



OH! I
QUICK
LADY
PATRONS
TWO
MOVIE
HEROES
ARE OUT-
SIDE

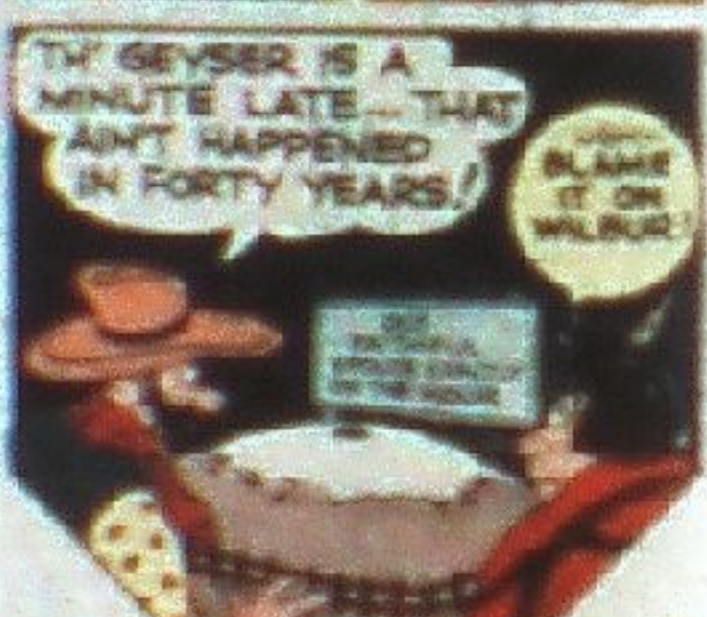


SEE! I GOT RID
OF ALL THE
CUSTOM-
ERS!



HEY, FELLAS! I HAD A DATE
WITH JUST ONE GIRL - BUT
ANOTHER CAME ALSO...
WHAT...??

CONCOT
MILLER



THE GEYSER IS A
MINUTE LATE... THAT
AIN'T HAPPENED
IN FORTY YEARS!

BLAME
IT ON
WALBUR!



THERE WAS A RICH
MAN HIS NAME WAS
MISPOD...HE GOT
EVERY TOY FOR HIS KID



WHILE ONE VANDYKE
LUTHER WARD...
NOT A SMALL TOY
COULD HE AFFORD...



BUT WITH TOYS
SPREAD ALL AROUND
ON THE FLOOR,
MISPOD JR WANTED
MORE



WHILE SIMPLE LITTLE
VANDYKE WARD,
LOVED A DOLL WITH A
FACE LIKE LARD...

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

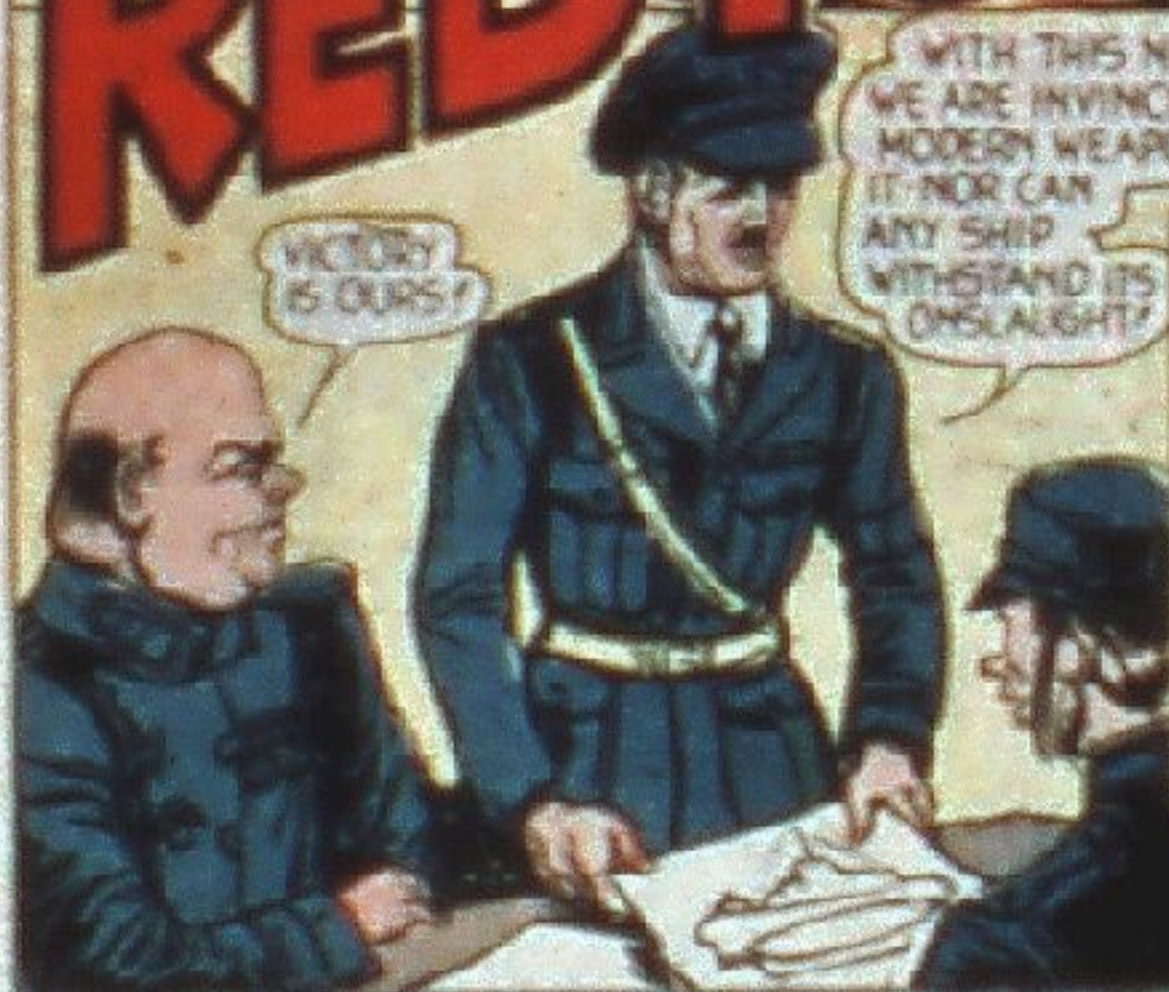
THE RED TORPEDO



By

ROY LARKEN

THE RED TORPEDO, A FORMER LIEUTENANT OF THE U.S. NAVY, CONSTRUCTED A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY KNOWN MARITIME WEAPON. DISGUISED IN A RED MASK, HE GOES ABOUT THE DEEP ATTACKING EVIL DOERS AND RIGHTING WRONGS A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE SEA.



IN THE CHANCELLERY OF A POWERFUL DICTATOR, A NEW BATTLESHIP IS PLANNED, EQUIPPED WITH THE LAST WORD IN ARMAMENTS. . . .



ABSOLUTELY EXPLOSIVE-PROOF, IT DEFIES MINES AND TORPEDOS ALIKE, AND LEAVES A TRAIL OF HUNDREDS OF WRECKS IN ITS WAKE.



I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I
INVESTIGATED THIS NEW
RAIDER!

THE RED TORPEDO HEADS FOR NORTHERN WATERS.

WHAT A DESTROYER! BUT
IT'S USELESS FOR
ME TO ATTACK
THAT SHIP! BUT
I HAVE A
BETTER
PLAN!



THE RED TORPEDO
HEADS FOR THE
NORTHERN ICE CAP
WHERE HE CHARGES
INTO THE ICEBERGS,
BREAKING OFF HUGE
SEGMENTS.



WHIRLING BEFORE THEM HE CREATES
A FAST CURRENT DRAWING THE ICE TO
THE RAIDER WHICH IS ICE-LOADED AND
UNABLE TO MOVE.



THAT NIGHT THE RED TORPEDO STEALTHILY BOARDS THE NOW HELPLESS RAIDER.



KNOCKING A GUARD SENSELESS HE DONS HIS COAT AND PROCEEDS BOLDLY TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.



WE MUST WAIT FOR THIS ICE JAM TO BREAK UP! WE ARE SAFE HERE SINCE OUR ONLY VULNERABLE SPOT IS UNDER THE PROW AND NO SUBMARINE CAN ATTACK US FROM DIRECTLY BELOW!



SO YOU DON'T THINK ANYONE CAN ATTACK YOU FROM DIRECTLY BELOW EH? JUST WAIT AND SEE!



DON'T SHOOT! TAKE HIM ALIVE FOR QUESTIONING!



LOOK! A SPY! AFTER HIM, MEN!

THE RED TORPEDO MEETS
THE VIOLENT
ONSLAUGHT



HE PLUNGES INTO
THE ICEY WATERS



WELL, THAT'S THE
LAST OF HIM! ANY
THING HE MAY HAVE
LEARNED WILL BE
A SECRET IN
THOSE FREEZING
WATERS!



THE RED TORPEDO REACHES
HIS HIDDEN CRAFT



THE RED TORPEDO WORKS HIS CRAFT TO THE TOP OF A STEEP INCLINE.



I'LL COAST DOWN AND DIVE UNDER THE ICE JAM!



THE MOMENTUM OF HIS SLIDE CARRIES HIM UNDER THE ICE, AND WITH FULL POWER HE HEADS FOR THE RAIDER.



THE RAIDER CUT CLEAR THROUGH, SINKS RAPIDLY... THE RED TORPEDO THEN DIVES INTO THE SEA AND IS ON HIS WAY...



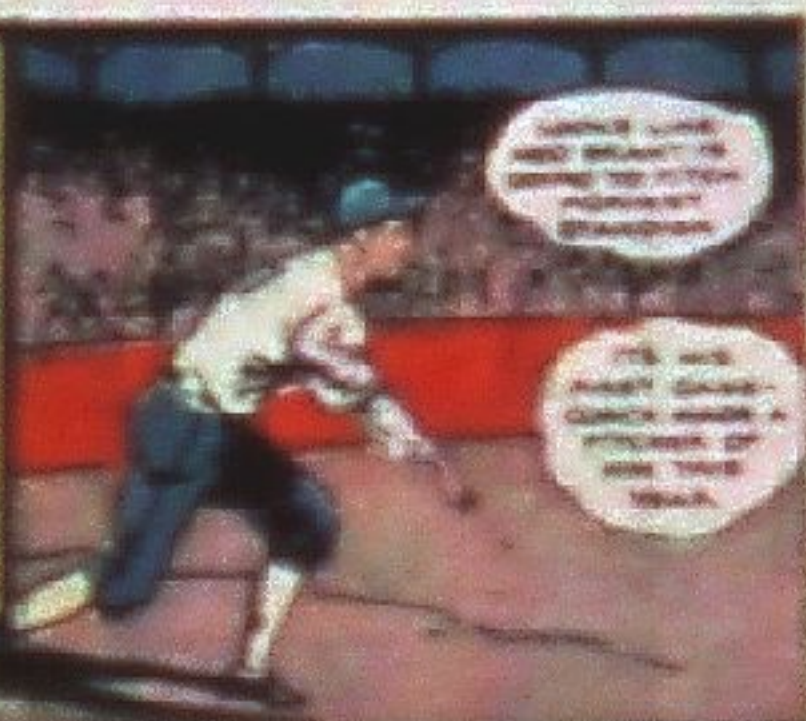
THAT ENDS ANOTHER THREAT TO FREEDOM!



More of The Red Torpedo in the July issue of CRACK COMICS

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPYKE



WHEN I WAS
AND BRANT WAS
DURING THE PITCH
PERFORMING
STANDARD

IT WAS
FIRST DANCE
DANCE MADE A
PITCHER OF
THE YEAR
TEAM.



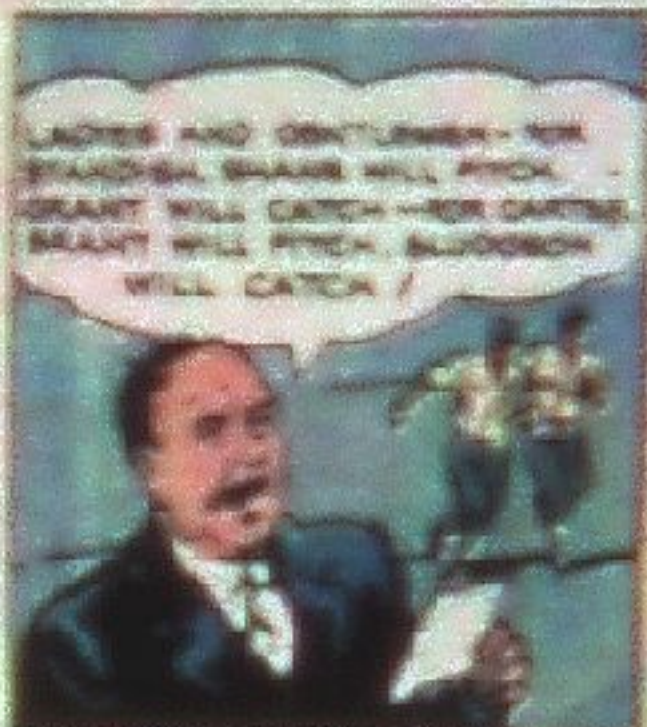
GOING TO STAY
WITH COACH?

NOT GONE
YET - TO
BATHING SUITS
AND AGAIN - A
TRAINER, TEAM
THAN TRAINING



STANDISH HAS
SOME HARD PITCHING
COMING UP IN
THE FIRST
ROUND

HERE'S THE
STANDISH
BATHING
SUITS



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - FOR
STANDISH, BRANT WILL PITCH.
BRANT WILL CATCH - FOR DARTON
BRANT WILL PITCH. BRANTON
WILL CATCH.



DON'T LET
THIS FIRST
BLUNDER
MISTAKE
YOU AND

IS NOT AFRAID
OF HIS BLUNDER



STRIKE
ONE!

A
BEAUTY
READY!

IF HE GIVES ME
ANOTHER LIKE THAT
I'LL LET IT GO ON
THE PITCH!



THAT'S
TWO!

YOU'VE GOT
THE BRANTON
LIKE THE OLD
PITCHER
GIVEN
READY!



THAT'S A GOOD AT THAT BALL
DARTON - HE MUST BE
TRYING SOMETHING
ON -

YOU
CAN SEE THAT
BRANTON - HE'S
TRYING SOMETHING BUT
NOT WHAT YOU
THINK!



PLAY
BALL!

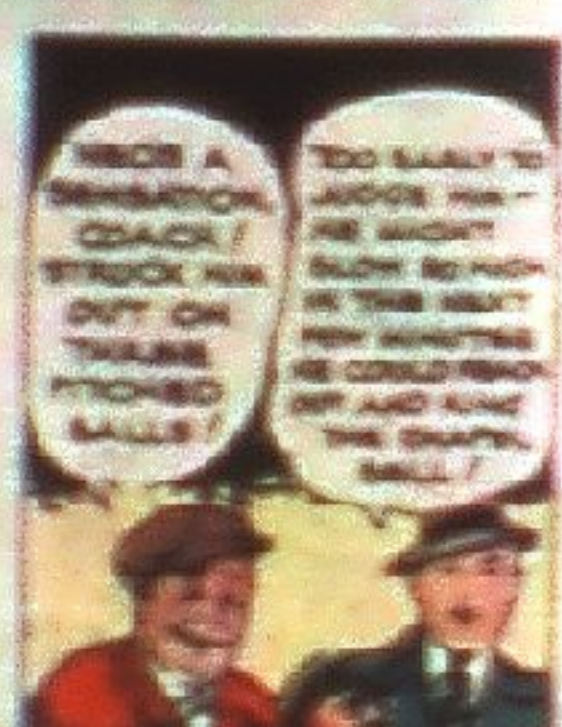
I HEAR STANDISH USES
A FOOTBALL COACH TO TEACH
UNFOLDING HOW TO PITCH
ON THE BALL!



IT WAS A BALL
DARTON!

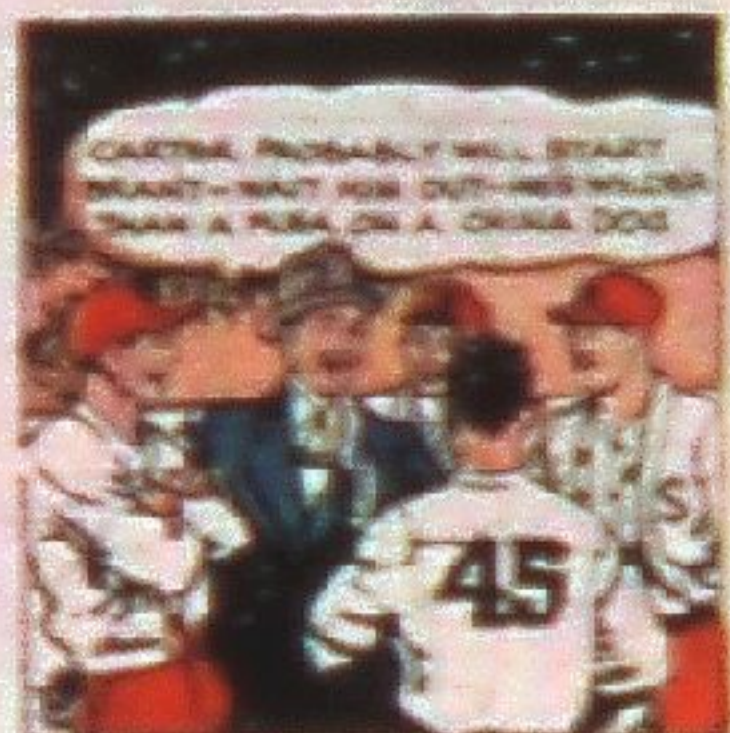
That's what I
thought. I was
wrong. The ball
was not a ball. It
was a ball. It was
a ball. It was a ball.

ON YOUR WAY,
BRANTON, IF YOU
CAN'T PLAY
IN THE BALL
GAME!



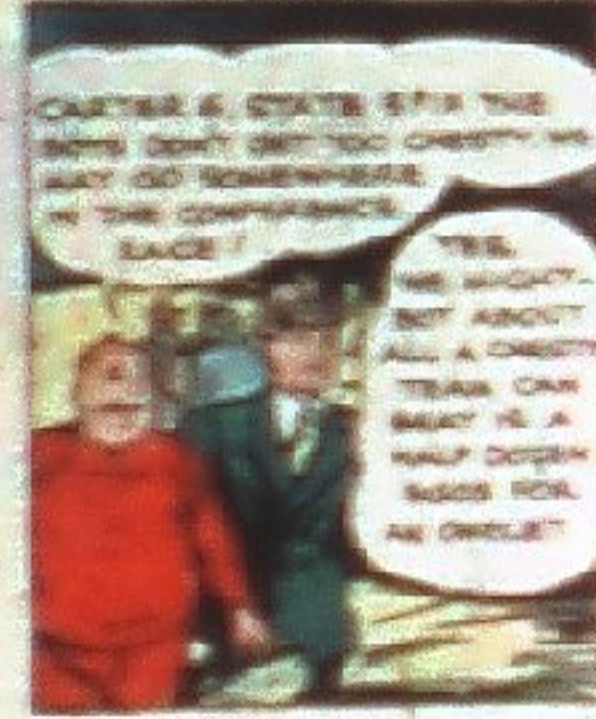
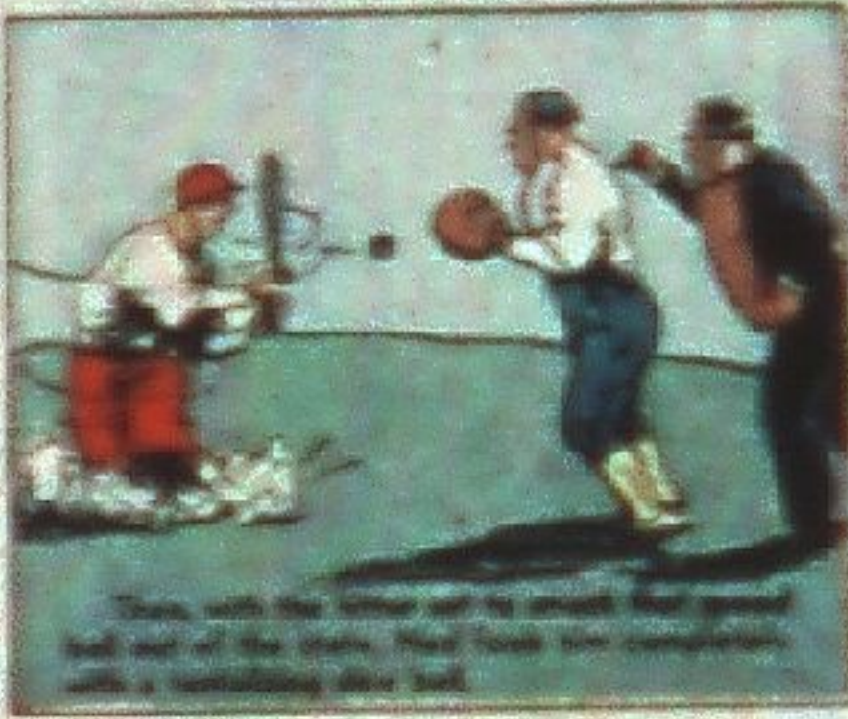
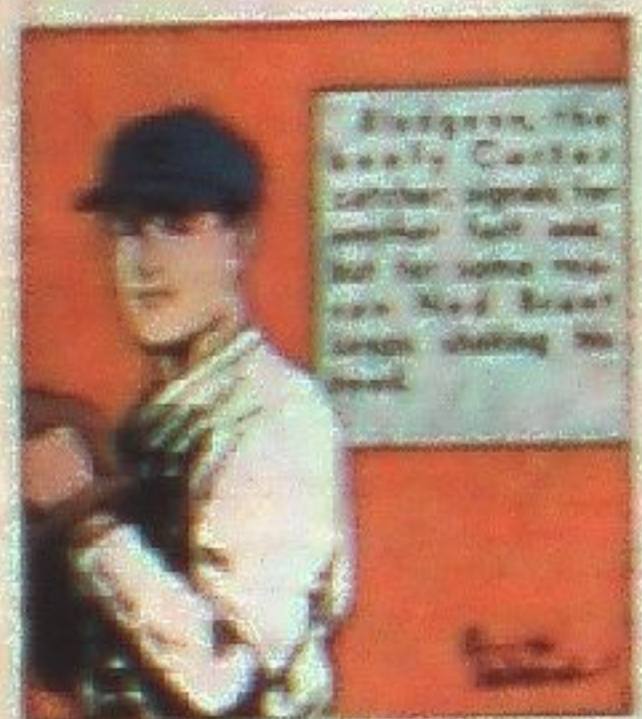
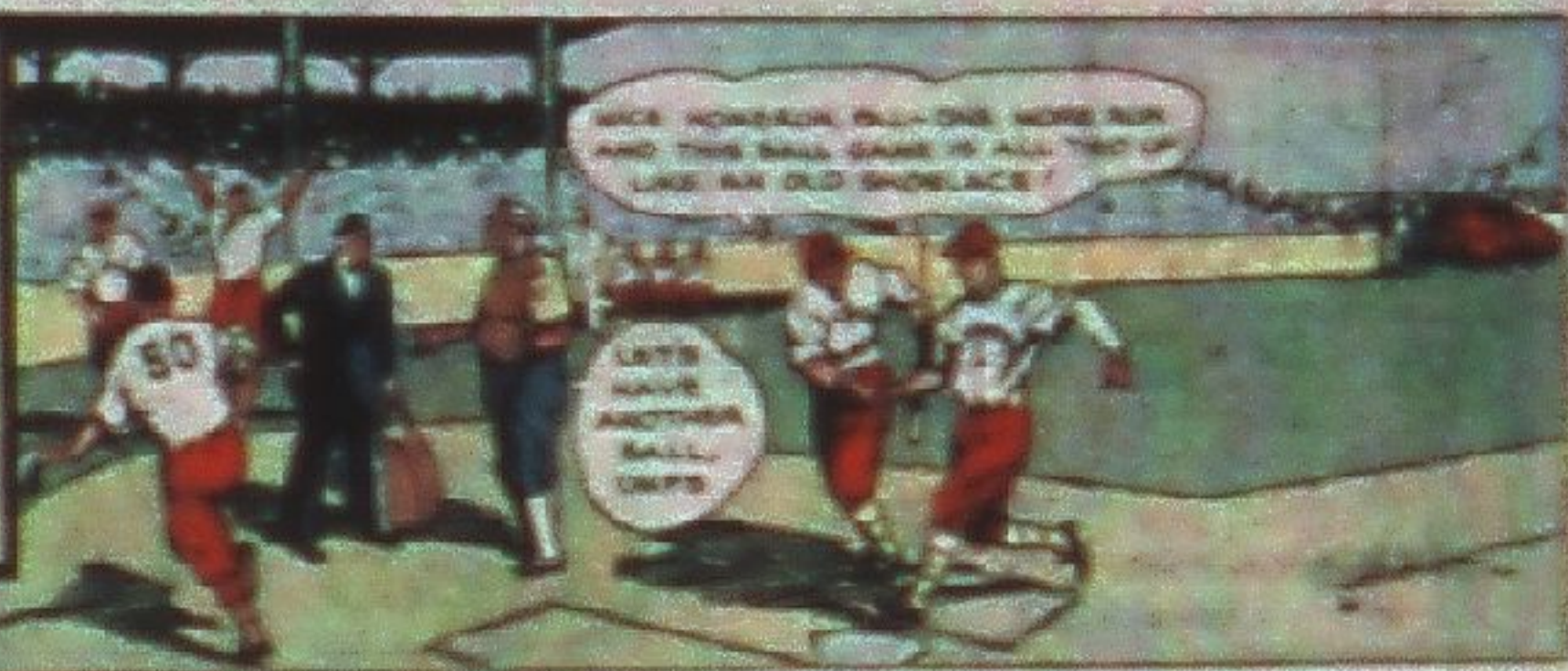
HE'S A
Sensation
COACH!
STUCK HIM
OUT ON
THEIR
PITCHED
BALLS!

TOO EARLY TO
JUDGE HIM -
HE MUST
BE IN THE MEAT
AND BONE
HE COULD BE
OFF AND RUN
THE DARTON
BALL!



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



Lee Preston

OF THE RED CROSS

By Thomas M. Dunlop



WITH THE RED CROSS, LEE PRESTON YOUNG HAS
COOKED UP A WAY TO TRANSPORT MEDICAL SUP-
PLIES TO THE MANY OUTLYING PORTS.



ARRIVING IN CANTON, THE
MEDICAL SUPPLIES WERE



IN THE DARK, LEE IS TOO
ON HIS WAY TO CANTON, OVER
THE MOUNTAINS, WAR-TORN COUNTRY.



THERE IT IS! GOOD
THING I'M ALMOST OUT OF
GAS.



HELLO THERE!
ANYBODY HOME?



WOULD YOU GIVE ME
SOME GAS IN RETURN?

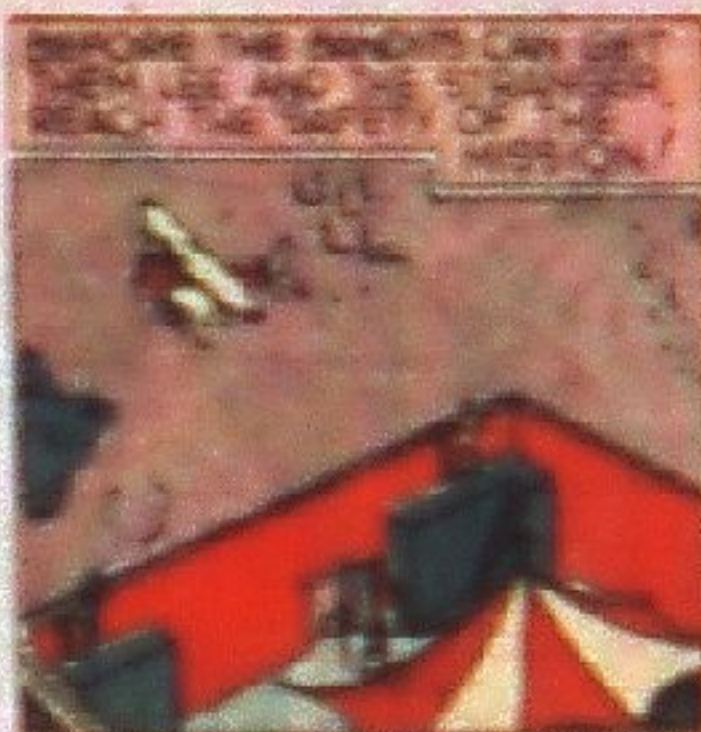


THERE'S NO TIME TO REFUEL!
THIS PLACE IS BEING
BESIEGED BY THE MOST
VICIOUS BAND OF CUT-
THROATS IN THE COUNTRY.
HURRY, COME INSIDE
THE MISSION.

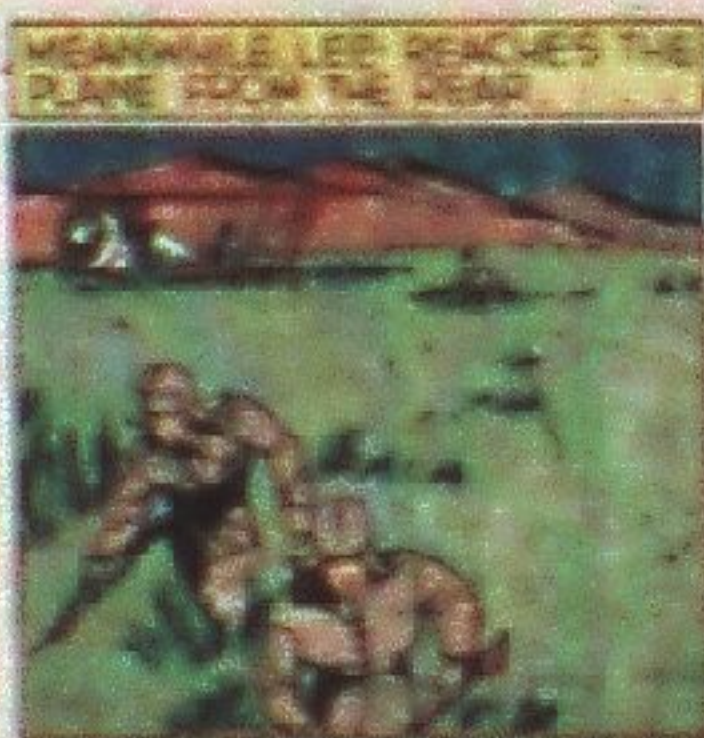


SUDDENLY A HOSTILE GROUP OF
BANDITS COMES SHOOTING
OVER THE KNOS OF THE HILL.









OFF THE RECORD By ED REED



CRACK COMICS is the "top" in comic magazines

The SPACE LEGION

THIS IS AN INTERPLANETARY NEWS FLASH... CALLING ROCK BRADDON OF THE SPACE LEGION... WADSWORTH EARTH-VENUS EXPEDITION IS REPORTED MISSING //



AND ABOARD A BIG SPACE PATROL SHIP

HEAR THAT ROCK? YES... IT SOUNDS BAD! WE'LL LAND THE SHIP AND RUSH TO HEADQUARTERS CURLY!



HURRY CAPTAIN BRADDON! IF THIS FLASH HAS REACHED YOU PLEASE HURRY!



NO ONE COULD HAVE SET A SPACE SHIP DOWN ANY FASTER THAN WE JUST DID!

AND HOW?



AT SPACE LEGION HEADQUARTERS

CAPTAIN BRADDON GET YOUR SHIP READY FOR A FLIGHT TO VENUS! YOUR MISSION IS TO TRY TO LEARN THE FATE OF THE WADSWORTH EXPEDITION!



SOON ROCK'S CREW ARE PREPARING THE 'MERCURY' FOR ITS DANGEROUS FLIGHT.

HURRY MEN! WE BLAST OFF AT DAWN!



DAWN...



IN THE MERCURY'S CONTROL ROOM

TAKE THE CONTROLS CURLY. I WANT TO GO AND INSPECT THE SHIP.



HMM... I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE HIDING BEHIND THAT DOOR!



WELL! BLAST ME FOR A SPACE RAT! IF IT ISN'T A STOWAWAY!





A BRIM LEADER OF THE VENUS HORDE ADDRESSES ROCK BRADDON...



WELL... I'M NOT DEAD YET!



ROCK DASHES BACK INTO HIS SHIP AND SLAMS THE DOOR.



HERE COME THOSE RATS OF VENUS! GIVE IT TO 'EM!



SO THE FOOLS FIGHT! WE SHALL SUBDUCE THEM WITH OTHER MEANS... BRING FORTH THAT EARTH PRISONER!



AT THE LEADER'S ORDER, A HASSARD-LOOKING MAN IS BROUGHT INTO VIEW....



WHY? IT'S PROFESSOR WADSWORTH!

FATHER!



NO, ELAINE! GO BACK... QUICKLY! THEY'LL HURT YOU!



AH! MY PLAN IS SUCCEEDING... GET HER, MEN!



WITHIN THE SHIP ROCK NOW REVEALS THE VICIOUSNESS OF THE VENUS CHIEF'S PLOT.

WAIT! WE MUSTN'T FIRE, MEN!



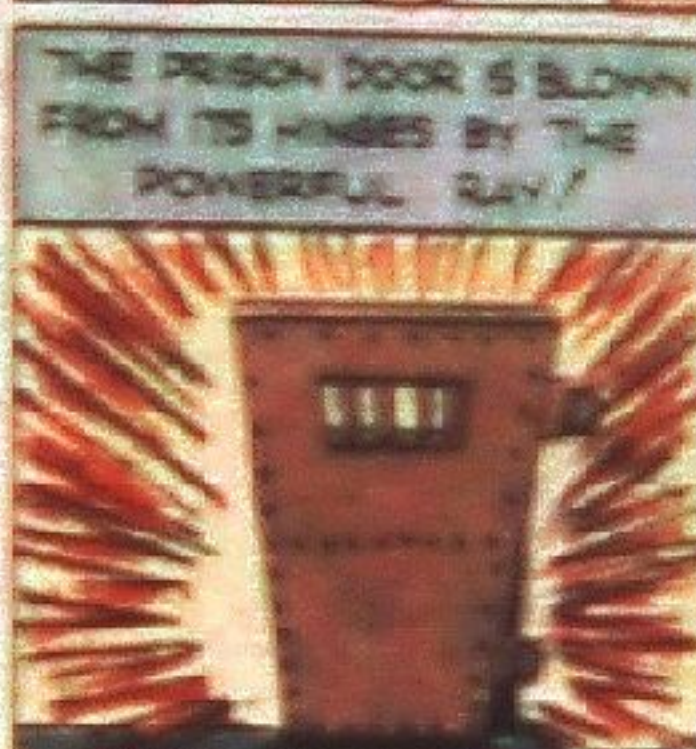
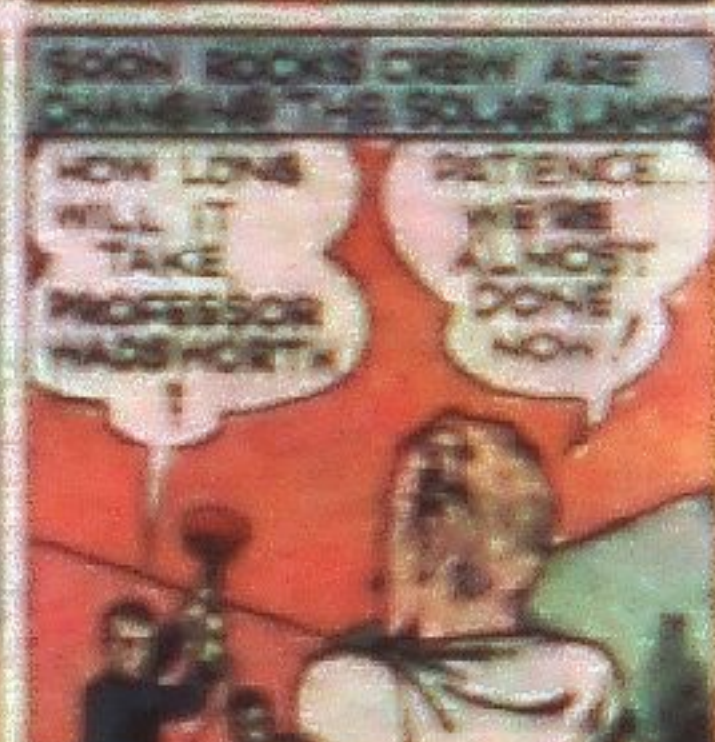
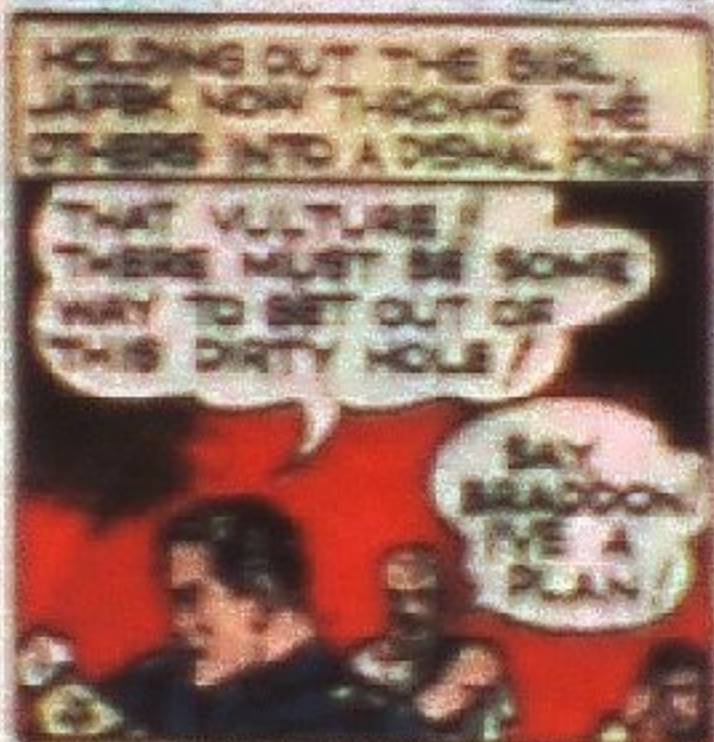
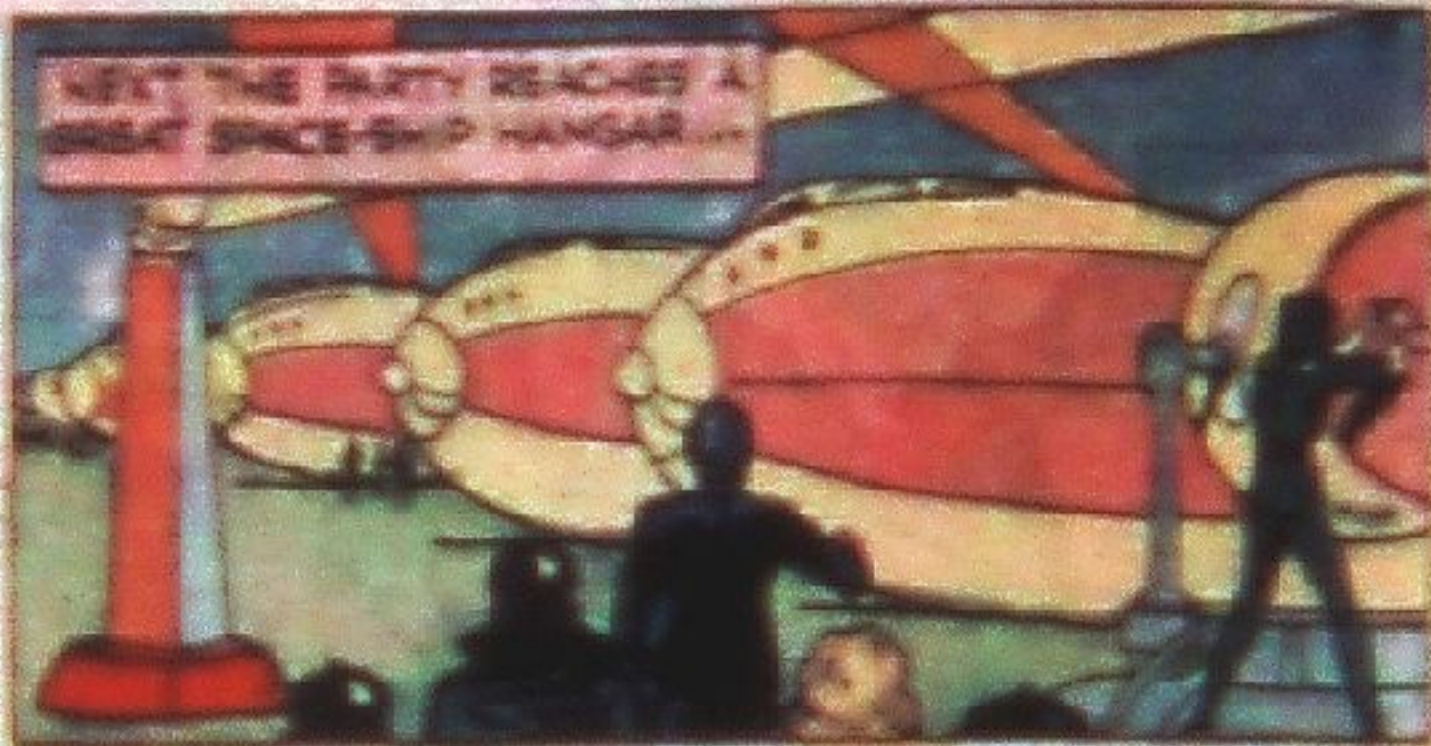
KNOWING THEIR FAILURE TO SURRENDER WOULD COST THE LIVES OF THE WADSWORTHS, ROCK AND HIS CREW NOW LEAVE THE MERCURY....

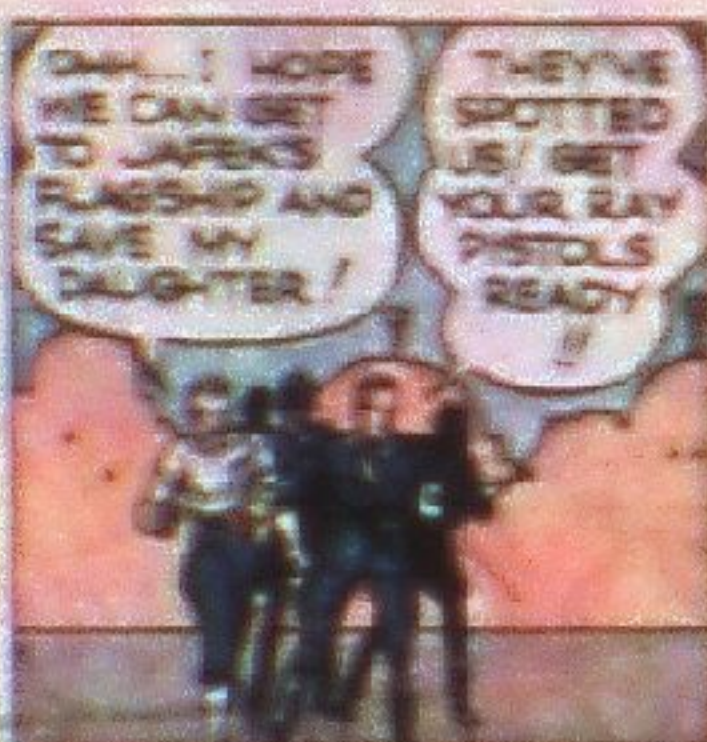


HAH! YOUR VENUS HOSPITALITY IS SIMPLY CHARMING!

PLEASE DO ENJOY IT WHILE YOU ARE STILL ALIVE!

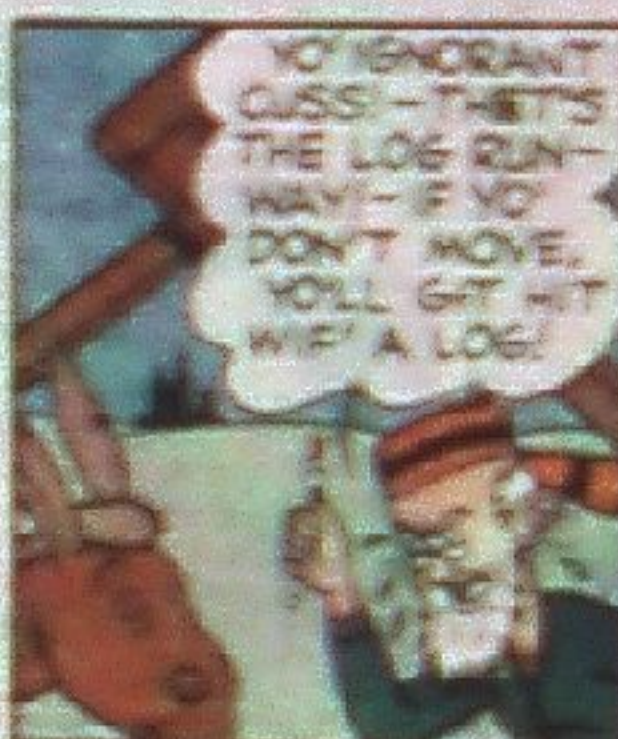
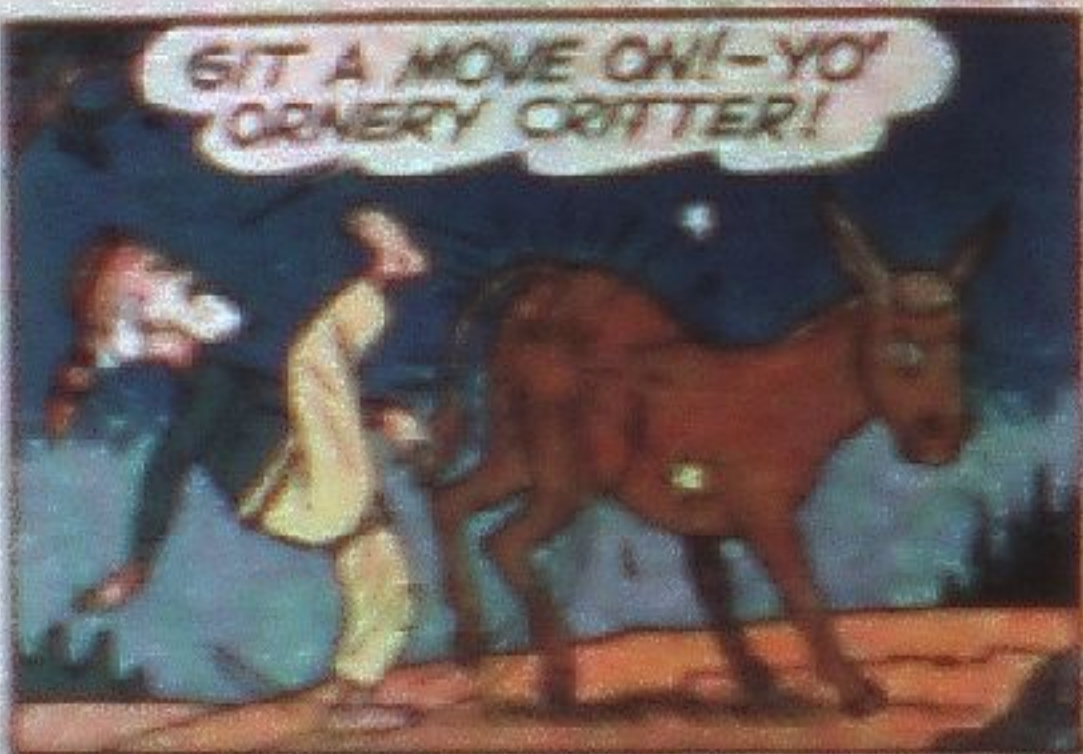






SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

HES A HILL-BILLY BALL OF FIRE!!

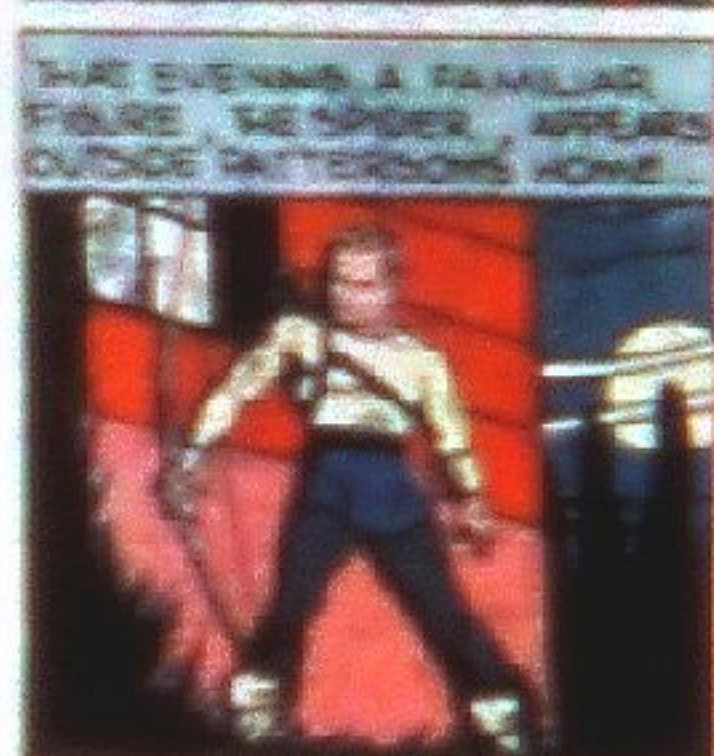
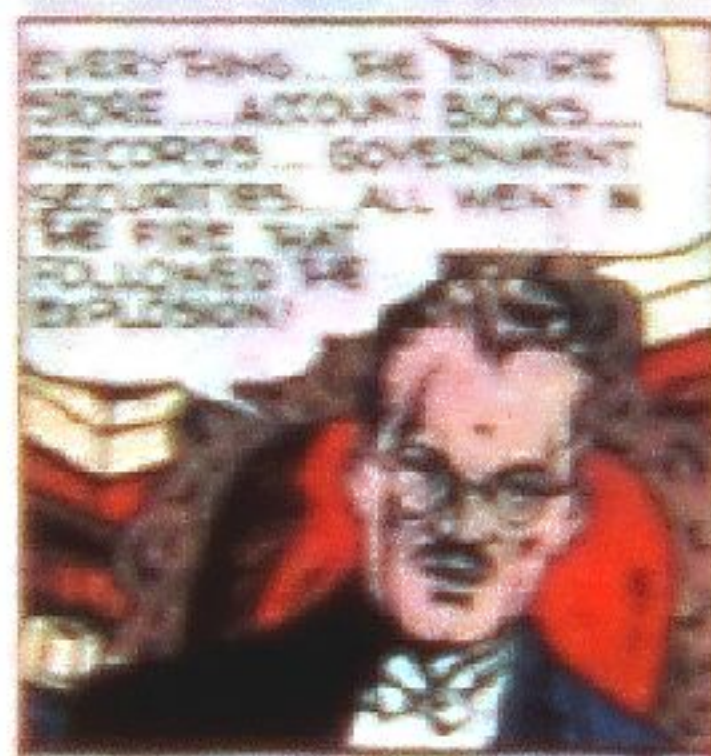
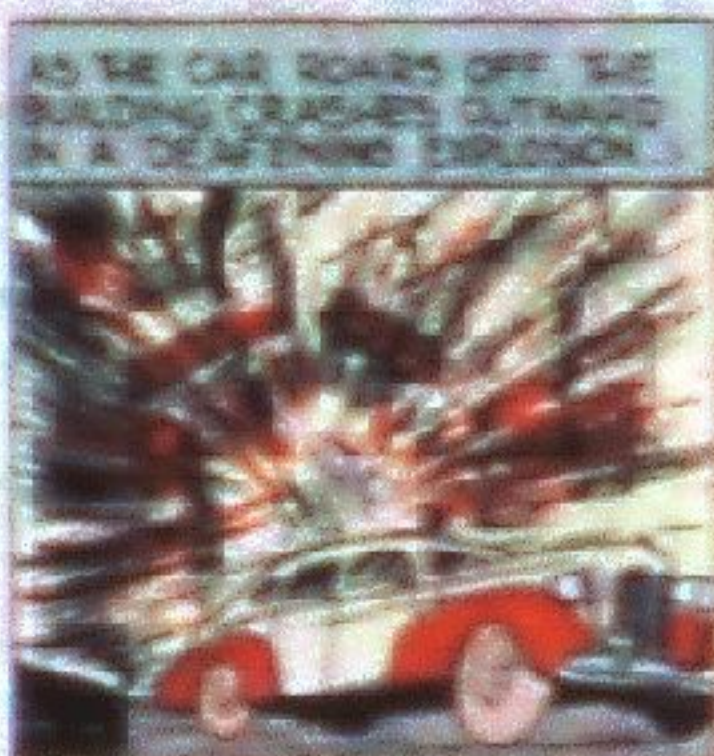


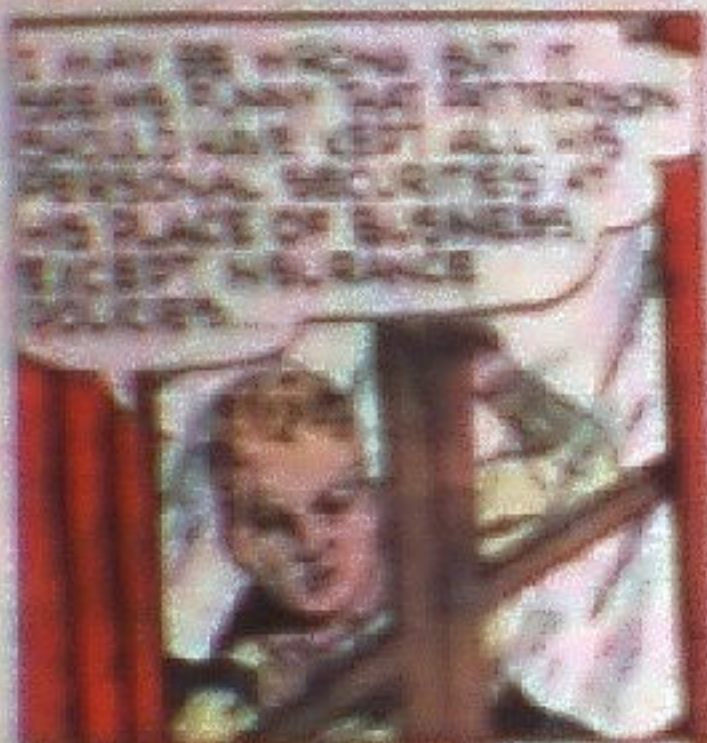


Alias the SPIDER



A SALES GIRL IN A DEPARTMENT STORE IS LATE LEAVING WHEN...





I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I
KNOW THAT RITTERSON
WOULD HAVE LEFT ALL HIS
PERSONAL SECURITIES IN
HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS.
BUT NOT HIS CASH.



MOVING QUICKLY, HE SPOOFED
RITTERSON'S CASH.



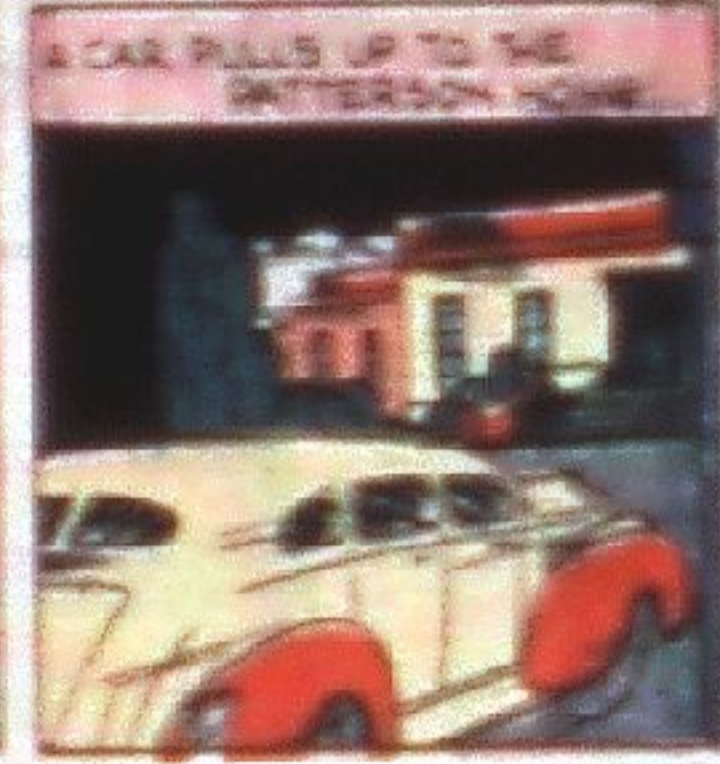
THAT SAFE IS HIS MUST
BE SOMEWHERE AROUND
HERE. AN... HERE
THE PICTURE



THE SAME KIND OF
SAFE AS I HAVE. IT
SHOULDN'T BE A HARD
JOB TO OPEN
THIS.



WITH THE STOCK
TRANSFERS... BILLS OF SALE
... SO RITTERSON HAS
LIQUIDATED EVERYTHING AND
COLLECTED AGAIN
ON HIS INSURANCE
POLICIES!



A CAR PULLS UP TO THE
RITTERSON HOME.



RITTERSON'S
DONNA SAID
HE WENT TO
THE ROOF AT
THE TOP OF
THE BUILDING.
HERE.

SO WHAT WERE
STUCK WITH
THIS DAME ON
YOUR HANDS AND I
DON'T DO NOTHING
UNLESS I HEAR
FROM HER.



WHERE'S
RITTERSON?

OH, SORRY SIR,
MR. RITTERSON
IS OUT OF TOWN.



WELL, THE DIRTY RAT... HE'S
RUN OUT ON US!



WE CAN'T DO THIS TO
THE AN GET AWAY
WITH IT. I'M
GOING TO
TRY TO
STOP HIM.

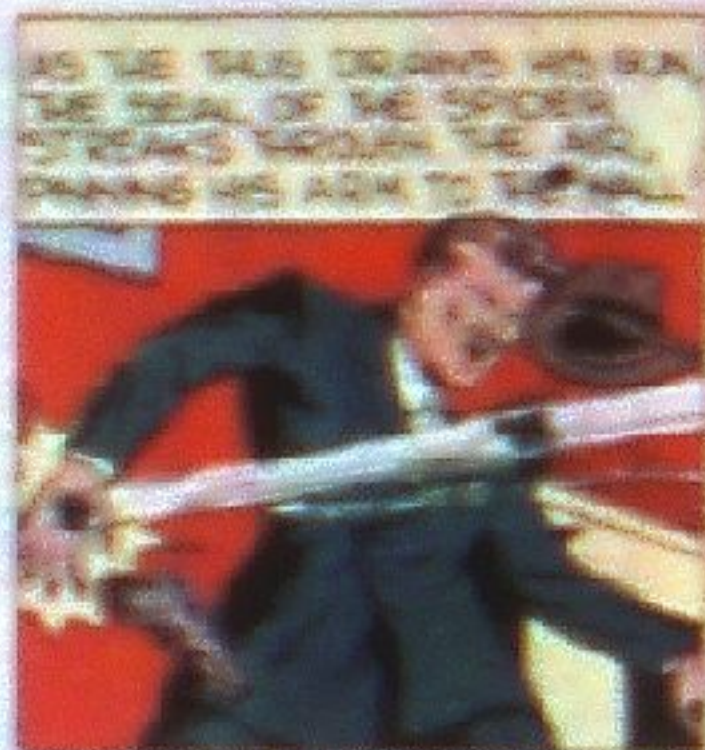


AS THE BUS PICKS UP THE
DRIVER IN THE LIBRARY, HE
NOTES A BOMB ON THE DESK.



THEY KNOW THE COUNTRY...
ARE TAKING EVERYTHING
WITH HIM! HEY...
THE PHONES
DEAD!

HE'S OUT
DEAD!





REFERENCES

by Steven M. Berman and Kenneth G. Berman

1. **NAME**
 2. **ADDRESS**
 3. **CITY**
 4. **STATE**
 5. **ZIP**
 6. **PHONE**
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ON THE
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WELLS | WED
JANUARY 12 - 13
THAT POWER LUX



1. **Chlorine**
 2. **Fluorine**
 3. **Bromine**
 4. **Iodine**
 5. **Astatine**

WORK TO DO

THE
FIVE
FINGER
FIGHT



BLAME HIM
WHEN YOU
DROPPED ME
FROM THE
CLOUDS

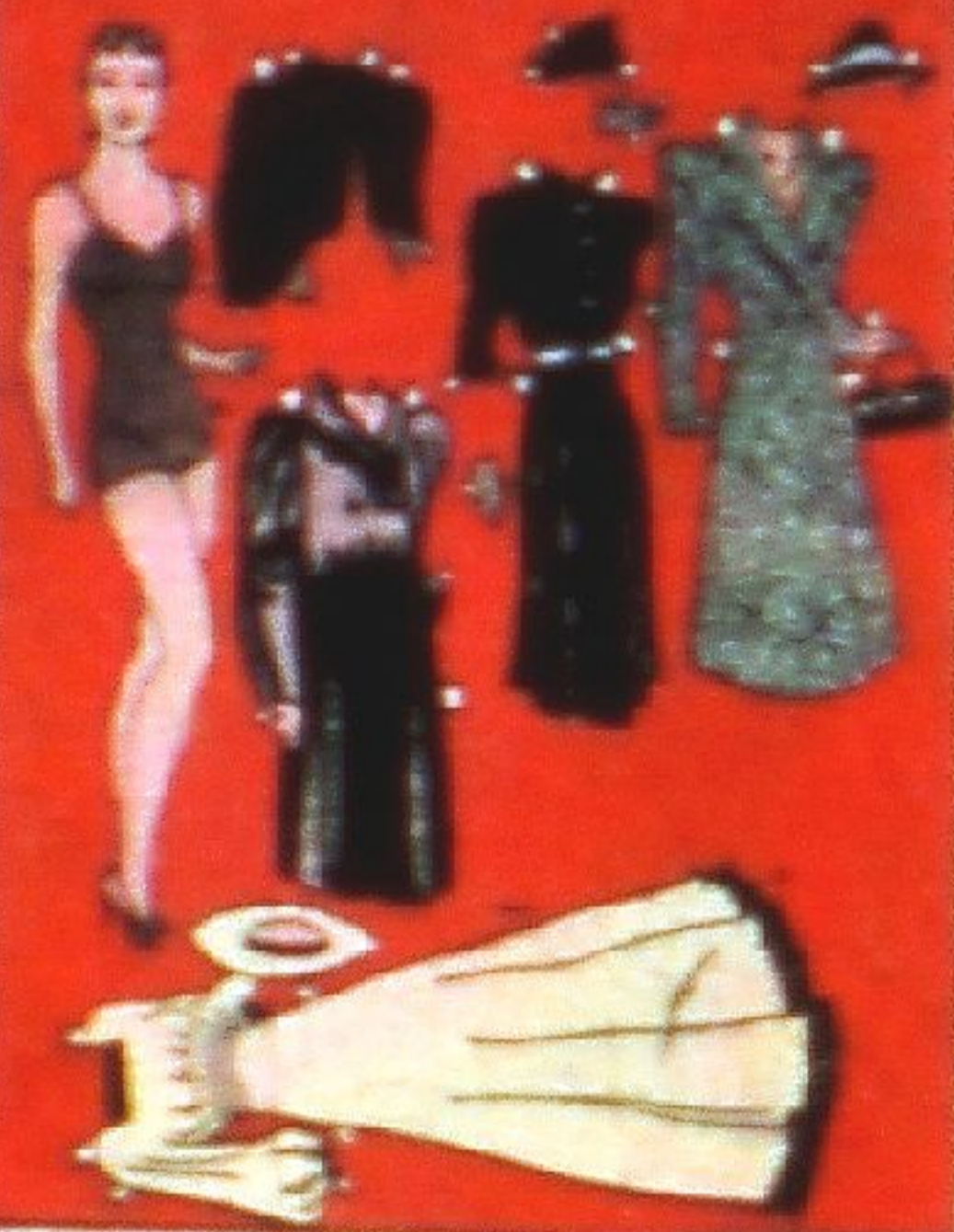
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Revenue	100	100

NO TALKS
NO PLANNING
NO CONSPIRACY
BOMB THE
BOMB

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

**FROM THE POLICE-
S WARDEN'S OFFICE
AND MORE**

PIÙ BOLLE
PIÙ - IN
BOMBE PIÙ



JANE ARDEN

SOON AFTER
JANE AND
BABY MISTAKE
JANE SPEAKS
TO JIM
PORTER, THE
PRISONER

I THINK I'D
KNOW HIM

JANE, WHEN
HE KILL THE
MURDERER
YOU MUST
IDENTIFY
HIM SINCE
YOU SAW HIM
ON THAT TRAIN

WE THINK HE'LL
TRY TO GET THE
PLANE OUT OF
THE COUNTRY
ABOARD SHIP

WHAT DO
I DO
NOW?

A SHIP IS
SAILING AT SIX
IN THE MORNING
I WANT YOU
TO BE ABOARD

IT'S GOOD TO
BE HOME
BUT THIS ROOM
WAS DARK

STAY
RIGHT
THERE
DON'T
MOVE
ON-

WHY
YOU'RE THE
WOMAN
WITH THE
BABY THAT
HELPED
OFF THE
TRAIN
BUT...

YOU
SWITCHED
BAGS
DIDN'T
YOU?

BUT I TRIED
TO CATCH YOU
WHEN I DID
DISCOVER IT!

OKAY
IF THAT'S
TRUE YOU
CAN GIVE
ME A HAND
NOW AND
I'LL GIVE
YOU
YOURS!

OF
COURSE
I'LL GIVE
YOU A HAND

BUT
DON'T
GIVE
ME A HAND

SO!

LENA - GET ME
SOME CLOTHES
HURRY BURY THE
ONES I HAD FROM
THEY DON'T

I'LL GIVE YOU THESE
CLOES IF A PROMISE
TO DO THE WORK --
INSTEAD OF

THE FLOWN --
MILKING -- AND
OTHER
CHORES

AND
TAKE
EASY

HEY US
WOMEN WILL
DO CHORES
NO LONGER

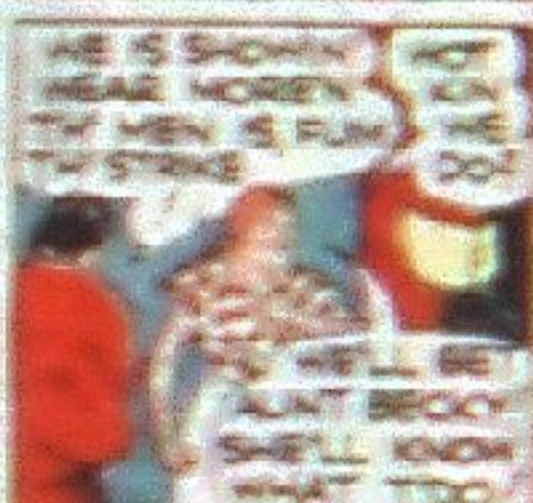
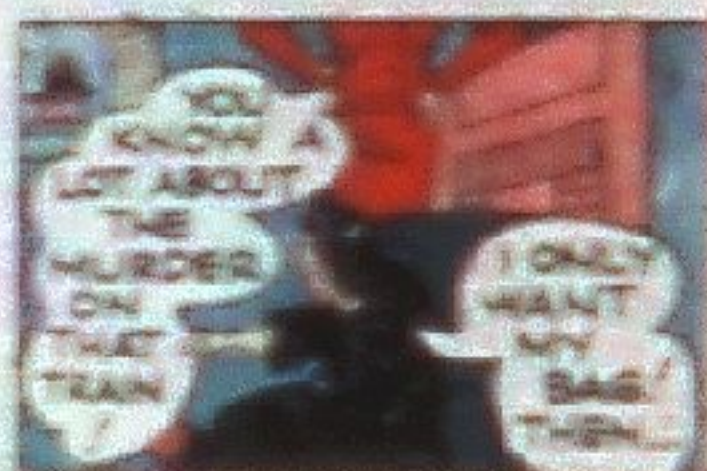
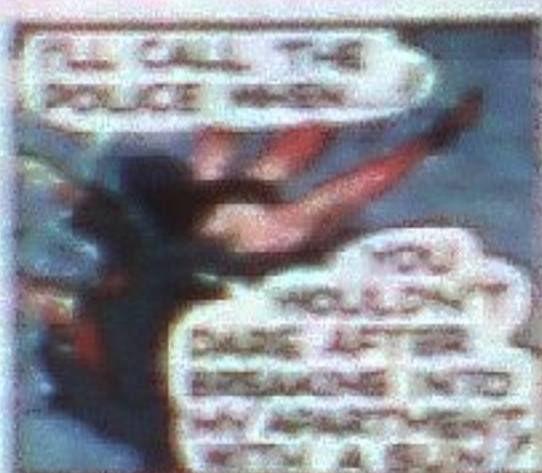
WELL
YOU BALS
AIN'T BORN
TO WEAR THE
PANTS LIKE
YOU THINK?

THEY'VE
GIVEN YOU
THE WORK
YOU'VE
GIVEN US

NALP! A DUNK!!

LUCKY
I'LL
GIVE YOU
THE WORK
NOW

JANE ARDEN'S SPORTS WARDROBE FOR MEN...



JANE ARDEN

By Walter Newman and Howard E. Ruse

THE CROOK
TRAILING YOU
DOWN AFTER THE
MURDER OF
ALICE FUZZE!



LUCKY I
TRAILED YOU
WHO IS THIS
DAME?

DON'T
REALLY
KNOW



WHY ARE
YOU HERE?

NO! LET'S
SCRAM
OUTA
HERE



TELL YOU
I NEVER SAW
HER BEFORE

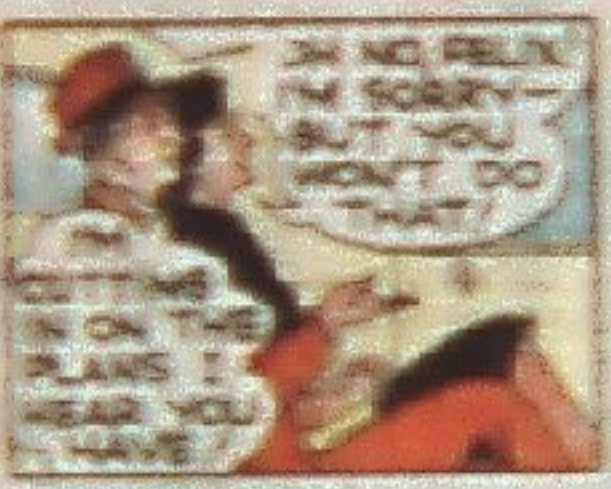


OKAY
FELIX
JUST
GO
ALRED

HERE'S
A TAXI
WANTA TALK
TO YOU ALICE
FUZZE?



WANTA
TALK
TO
YOU?



DO NO FELIX
I'M SORRY—
BUT YOU
WONT DO
THAT?

GETTING
IN ON THE
PLANS I
HEARD YOU
HAVE



BUT
I KNOW ABOUT
A CERTAIN EEL
MURDER ON A
TRAIN AND YOU



YES! BUT YOU WERE
SEEN LEAVING THE
DEAD MAN'S
LOUNGE

AND YOU ARE
THE MAN THE
COPS ARE AFTER



OKAY... WAS
IN THAT
CONDO...
MENT... BUT
HE WAS
DEAD AND
THE PLANS
WERE
GONE AND
I KNOW WHO
DID IT

NO
FELIX
GO
LET'S
HERE
AND TALK
IT OVER



YOU'LL
BE SAFE
IN THERE
FOR NOW
FELIX
THAT'S IF
THE LAW
DONT
SET YOU
EYE-EYE



HURRY FOLKS—
DON'T BE
LATE FOR
THE MURDER
BEE!

WE'LL
HAVE
A SWELL
TIME THOAT



AM SEE TH MEN ALL
WANTA BE NEAR TH
FLIP LIL GAL WHAT
LIVES UP BY TH
CREEK



DON'T FERGET—IF A
MAN GETS AN EAR
OF RED KERNEL CORN
HE KISSES TH GAL
NEXT THING



WE'LL SEEN
IT'S A CUSTON
GUESS IT'S
OKAY

LOOK
HE'S
GOT
ONE
GON



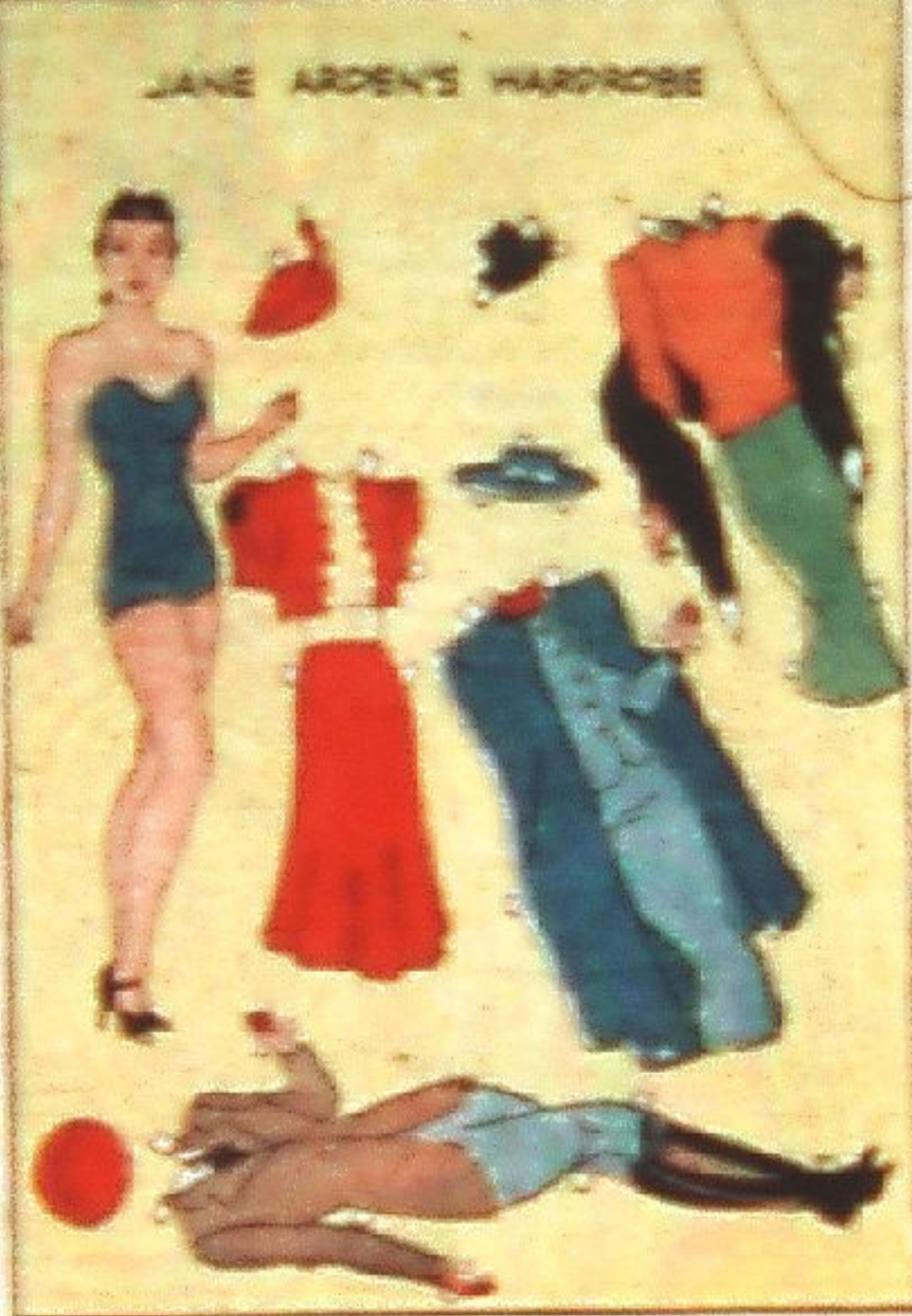
DO WANA
THIS LUCKY
EAR?



AM DO I
WANA
KISS
YA



AM
KISS
HER



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About that Fourth Inning at Philadelphia in 1925.

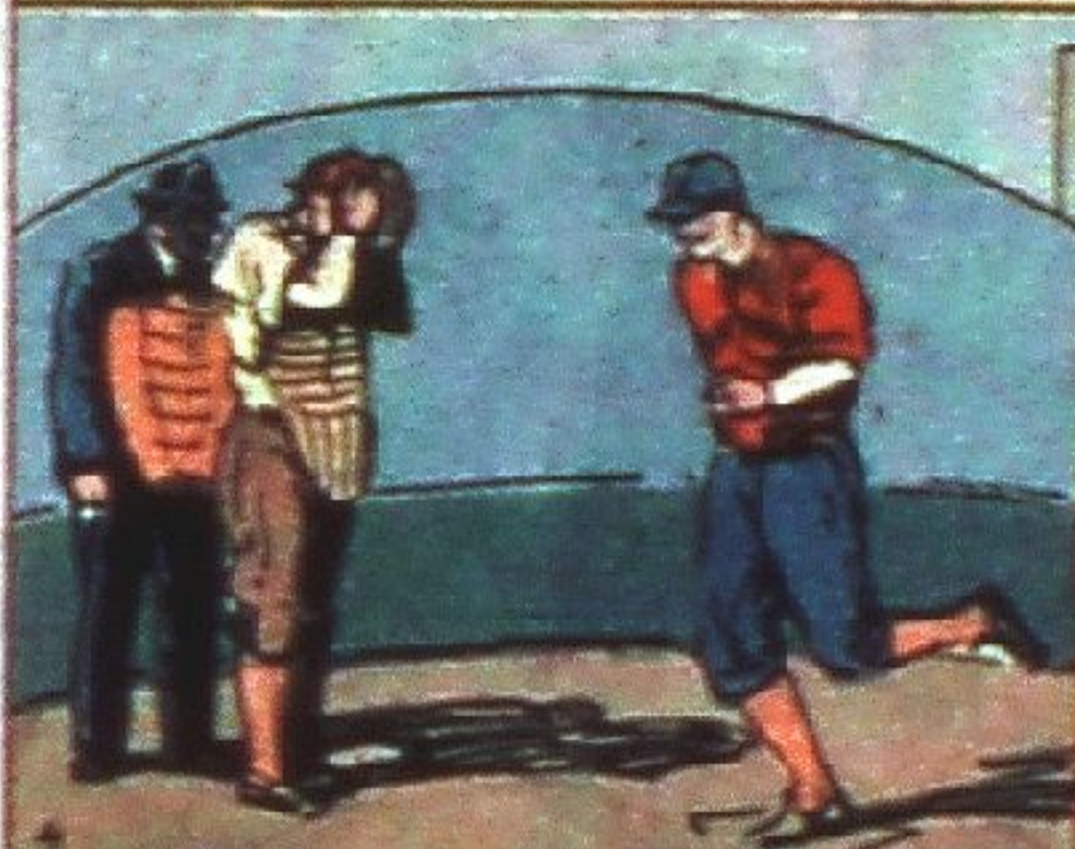
Gray, the Athletics pitcher, blows the ball in and Meusel of the Yanks nails it a terrific smash for a home run.



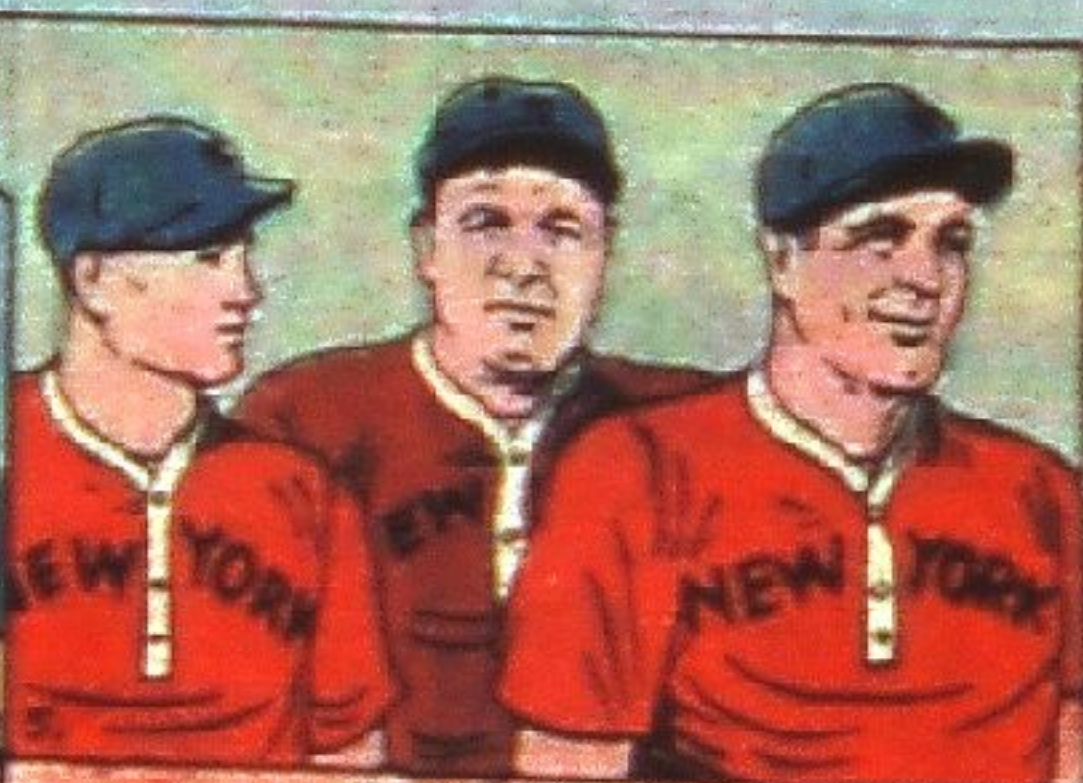
The unforgettable Babe Ruth, next man up, lays that big club of his to the horsehide and the ball whistles out of the park for another four base clout!



Lamoping Lou Gehrig follows Ruth to the plate. Columbia Lou has lifted a few over the wall himself, but the odds are plenty to one he won't do it now.



But Gehrig picks out one to his liking and whistles it a mile for the third successive home run!



Not three men in a tub, ladies and gentlemen, but three mighty men of mail, Meusel, Ruth and Gehrig, reading from left to right. It happened Sept. 10, 1925.

Order your copy of the July issue of CRACK COMICS at your regular newsstand now

MADAM FATAL

AD
PAGAN



HA!... HERE'S AN INTERESTING
HEADLINE, HAMLET...
LISTEN--

HA!... A-HA!
LET'S HAVE
IT! -ADON-!!!

AT THE HOME OF RICHARD STANTON,
A HEALTHY RETIRED ACTOR AND
FAMOUS FEMALE IMPERSONATOR...

PROFESSOR DISCOVERS
NEW DESTRUCTIVE
CHEMICAL...
MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY
KNOWN EXPLOSIVE, PROFESSOR
LANE ANNOUNCES...



THAT'S GOOD NEWS FOR
FOREIGN SPY-- THEY'LL
BE AFTER THE PROFESSOR
FROM NOW ON... GUESS I'LL
GO OUT FOR
A WALK!



AND NOW-- AS MADAM FATAL,
YOU ARE READY FOR YOUR
WALK!!



WITH MAKEUP AND A FEW DEFT
TOUCHES, STANTON'S APPEARANCE
CHANGES TO THAT OF AN OLD LADY.

HERE COMES POLICE
SERGEANT O'NALLEY--AND
HE'S ACTUALLY SMILING...
SOMETHING'S UP!!



MORNING,
SERGEANT--
YOU LOOK
AS THOUGH
YOU'D BEEN
PROMOTED!

NOT YET, MADAM
FATAL--BUT IT
WON'T BE LONG
NOW... THIS IS A
SECRET, BUT
LISTEN--



-TOMORROW COLONEL JEFFREY
OF THE U.S. ARMY IS CALLING
ON PROFESSOR LANE TO
GET THE DETAILS OF HIS
NEW CHEMICAL... AND I'M
TO BE ON HAND AS THEIR
ONLY BODYGUARD-- NOT
BAD, EH? --
WELL--I
GOTTA GO!



AS O'NALLEY LEAVES, THREE
MEN STEP OUT FROM AN ALLEY--

QUICK, LADY--
STEP OVER HERE!!



WHAT
DO
YOU
WANT?

YOU'LL SEE!!
MIKE--RUN AWAY
TELL TH' BOSS
WHAT WE
JUST HEARD!

OKAY!



BESIDES O'NALLEY, JUST YOU
AND US KNOW LANE'S GOIN'
TO MEET JEFFREY TOMORROW--
JUST SO YOU WON'T RUIN
OUR PLAN, YOU'RE GOIN'
FOR A RIDE!!





WITH THE MEN SPRAWLED OVER THE CART, SHE GIVES IT A TERRIFIC PUSH—



THE NEXT DAY... AT PROFESSOR LANE'S MANSION, SERGEANT O'MALLEY AND THE PROFESSOR AWAIT COLONEL JEFFREY'S ARRIVAL.





HERE'S THE COLONEL NOW, SERGEANT!

COME IN, COLONEL - EVERYTHING'S SET!

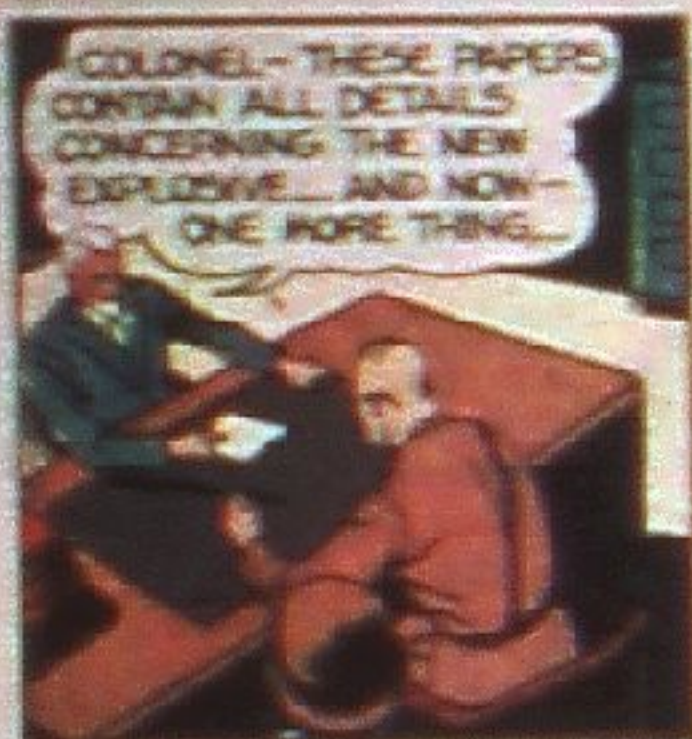
FINE - LET'S GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS!



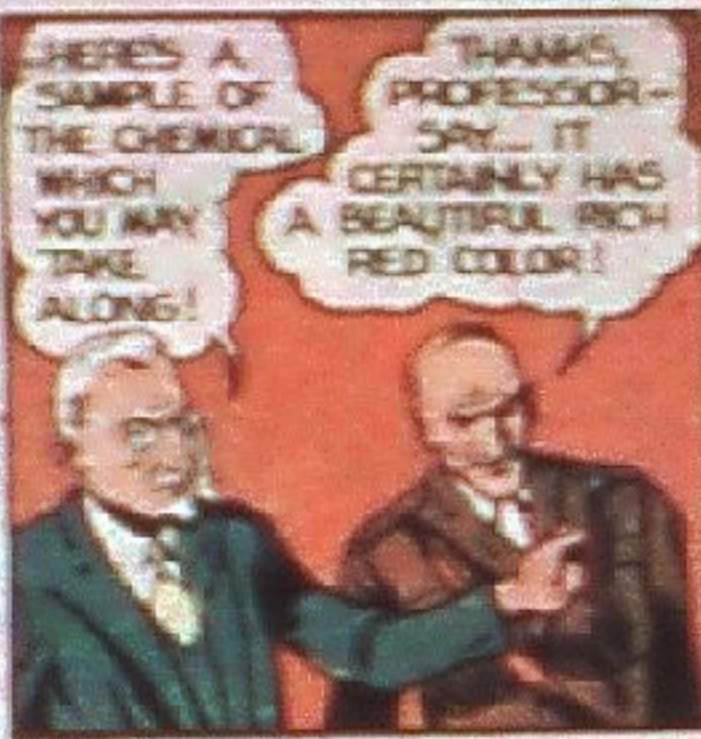
OUTSIDE, HIDDEN AMONG THE SHRUBBERY, MADAM FATAL WAITS FOR DEVELOPMENTS.



IT'S THE COLONEL, ALL RIGHT... FUNNY THAT GANG HASN'T SHOWN UP YET... I EXPECTED TROUBLE FROM THEM!



COLONEL - THESE PAPERS CONTAIN ALL DETAILS CONCERNING THE NEW EXPLOSIVE... AND NOW - ONE MORE THING...



HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE CHEMICAL WHICH YOU MAY TAKE ALONG!

THANKS, PROFESSOR - SRY... IT CERTAINLY HAS A BEAUTIFUL RICH RED COLOR!



RED!... DID HE SAY RED? - THAT'S IT!! IT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR... I'VE GOT TO ACT QUICK - NOW!



DON'T MOVE - ANY OF YOU - OR THIS GUN IN MY POCKET IS LIABLE TO GO OFF!



MADAM FATAL - WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

SHUT UP, O'MALLEY - HAND ME THOSE PAPERS AND THE TEST TUBE - QUICK!



THANKS, SERGEANT - YOU'RE ALWAYS OBLIGING TO A LADY, AREN'T YOU - HA-HA!



SHE CAN'T GET VERY FAR!!

RIGHT! LET'S GO, COLONEL - OH-OH - SHE'S GETTING AWAY IN YOUR CAR!



WHAT A FOOL! I LEFT THE KEY IN THE CAR - JUST HER LUCK!

NEVER MIND... I'LL FOLLOW HER IN MY CAR -



STEP ON IT, SERGEANT - THINK WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF THOSE PAPERS GET INTO FOREIGN HANDS!!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!



SO THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME, EH? IF I CAN JUST FIND ENOUGH TIME TO CHANGE BACK TO 'RICHARD STANTON'...



BUT BEFORE MADAM FATAL CAN REMOVE HER HIG...

HANDS UP, MADAM FATAL!! HAH—THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT!!



NOW—GIVE ME BACK THOSE PAPERS AND TEST TUBE!!

WAIT—LISTEN, SERGEANT—YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED.



—THAT MAN IS NOT COLONEL JEFFREY!!



W-WHAT?? ER...SPEAK UP—YOU'RE COLONEL JEFFREY, AREN'T YOU??

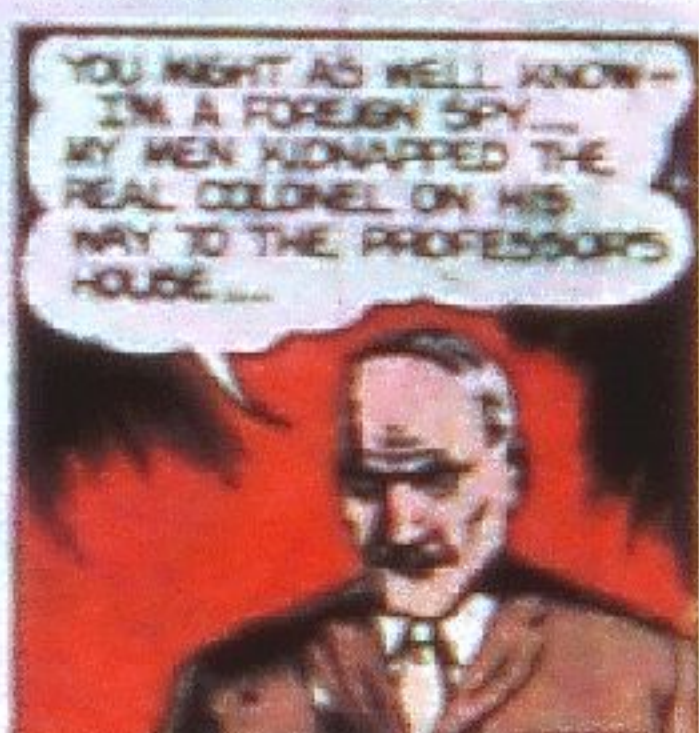


UGH!

NO, FATHEAD—IM NOT! TAKE THAT!!



GET UP, COPPER—HAH...WHAT A FOOL YOU'VE BEEN!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW—IM A FOREIGN SPY... MY MEN KIDNAPPED THE REAL COLONEL ON HIS WAY TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE...

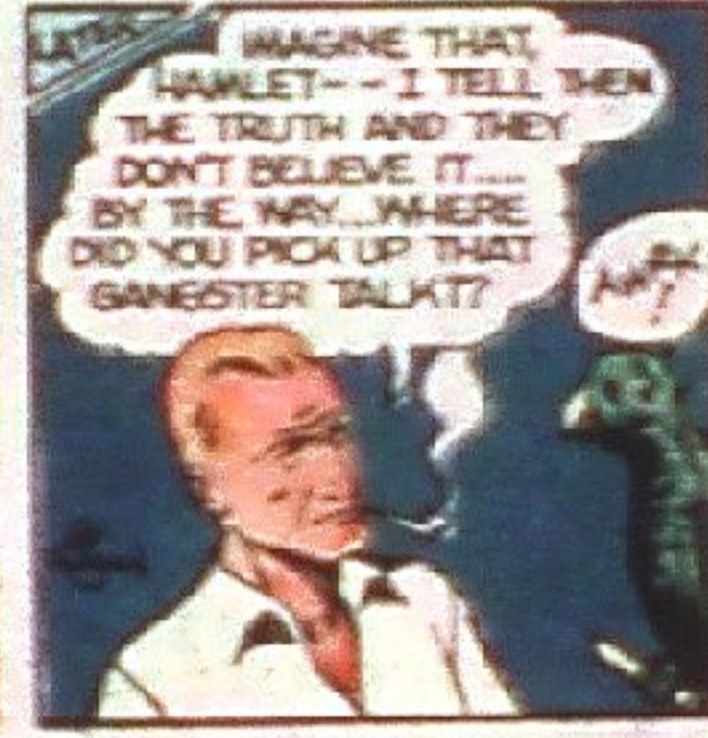
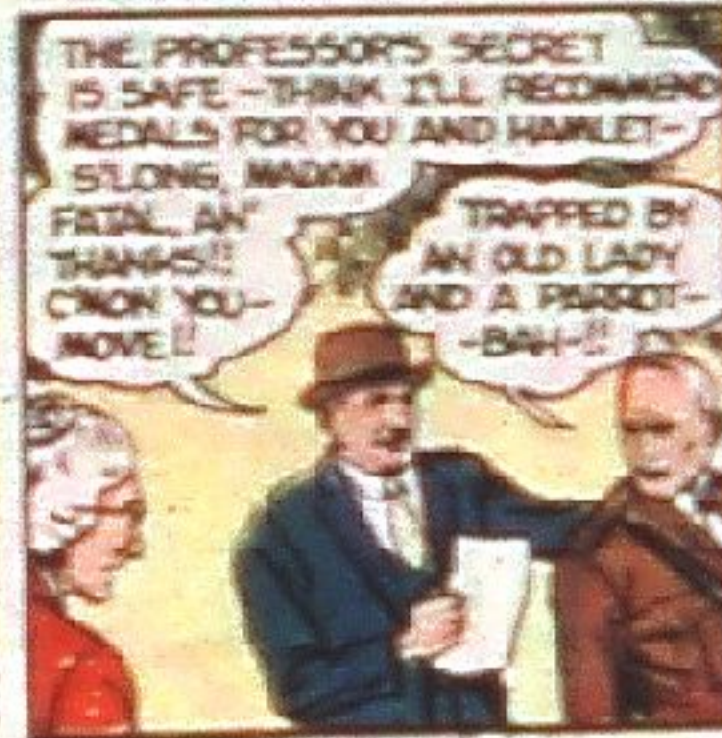
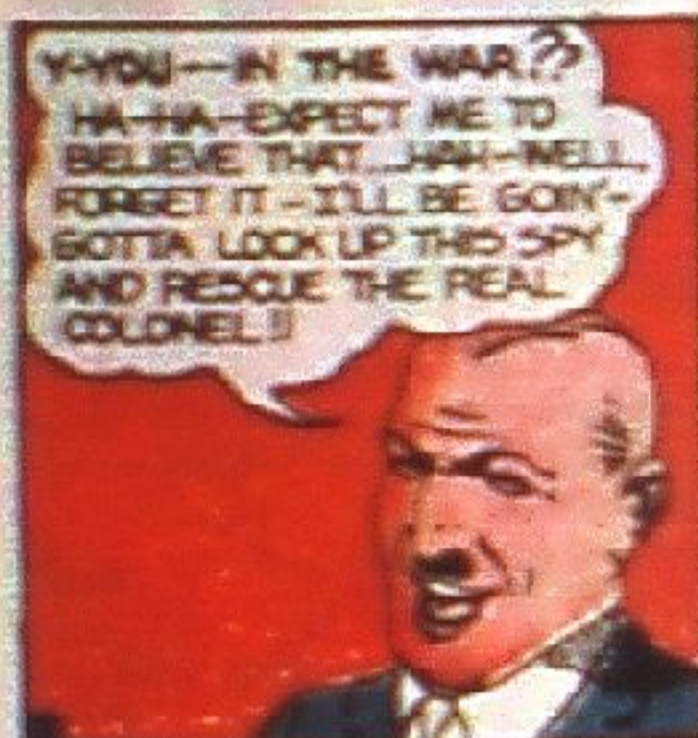
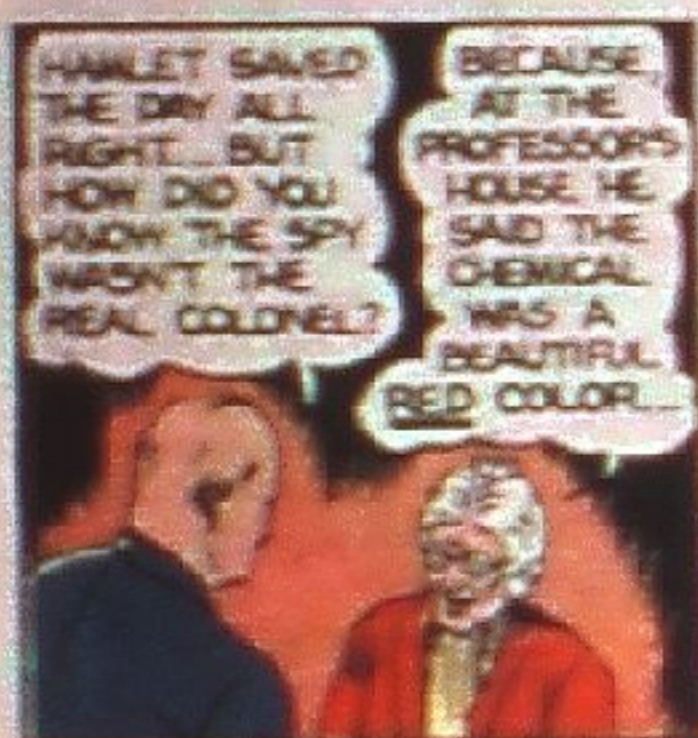


I DISGUISED MYSELF AS THE COLONEL AND WENT TO MEET THE PROFESSOR INSTEAD...



HAH—A TIGHT SPOT IF I EVER SAW ONE...

AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THIS OLD FOOL, I'D BE SAFELY OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY NOW—WITH THE PAPERS!!



DOOM SYNDICATE

By LARRY SPAIN

"Well, wonder if they'll strike again tonight?"

Hjalmar Nilsson, owner of the Blue Star shipping line, regarded Capt. Julius Bland with an apprehensive frown to his forehead. "It's their kind of night."

"Aye," replied Capt. Bland. "It is that, an' they've been busy' since these last few weeks."

Beyond the office walls, the two men could hear the thunderous assault of giant waves over the lonely Labrador coast. In effect they could hear the grinding crash of doomed ships piling up on the rocks . . .

A terrible enemy had descended upon Labrador shipping. Known as the "Doom Syndicate," a gang of cutthroat crooks were working the entire coast, scuttling scores of ships, stealing valuable cargoes and killing many seamen.

"What's got me," said Capt. Bland, "is the fact that all these lighthouse keepers swear their lights are on—yet survivors to a man claim they was no light showin'."

Hjalmar Nilsson looked glum. "I don't understand it. I know most of these chaps—they're not the lying kind; they're all trained light keepers."

"Another strange thing, sir," Capt. Bland said. "This outfit seems to know in advance when a ship is carryin' a valuable cargo. Take the Belle Isle. She had \$50,000 in gold aboard; they got every cent. An' the Ingonia, with a hold full o' bar silver . . ."

"Well, something's got to be done," Hjalmar cut in. "We'll soon be on the rocks if this keeps up."

A messenger entered the office and handed Nilsson a telegram. He ripped open the envelope and read aloud:

HEARD ABOUT YOUR
WRECKS. HAVE THEORY. AR-
RIVING YOUR AIRPORT NINE
THIRTY. ERIC VALE.

"Hm-mm!" said Nilsson. "Who's Eric Vale?"

"Never heard o' him."
"Wire's from . . . Good gosh! This was sent from Seattle only five hours ago! How's he going to get here by nine-thirty?"

Capt. Bland consulted his watch. "Eight forty-five now. Maybe he's got one o' them rocket ships I been readin' about."

Bland wasn't far wrong. Eric Vale had startled the entire world by his feats of crime solution. A mere youth, he nevertheless was said to be the cleverest detective of all time. He operated from a remote island in the Pacific, where he had a strange laboratory provided over by several assistants, each an authority in some special field of crime detection. His plane was almost a rocket ship, built secretly from his own design.

Hjalmar Nilsson and Capt. Bland stood in the shadows of the airport's small waiting room and watched the dark night skies.

"There she is!" Capt. Bland pointed to a tiny speck of light that grew with startling rapidity in the black sky. A moment later a big, racy looking plane dipped, touched its wheels, and came racing down the runway. A tall man got out, came across the wind-swept pavement. He was dressed in white flying clothes and his goggles were pushed back over his helmet. He smiled when Nilsson and Bland stepped out to meet him.

"Mr. Nilsson!" he said.
"And you're Eric Vale, I 'spect?" Nilsson held out his hand. "Glad to meet you, young feller!"

In the Blue Star office, Nilsson gave a brief picture of what was happening. Eric Vale listened. Then:

"You say the light keepers swear their lights are on, yet several survivors of wrecks claim they weren't?"

"That's it, son. The whole thing's

got us about crazy. Think you can do anything?"

Eric Vale grinned. "I'm not promising, but I'll try. I have a theory."

"Fine!" said Nilsson. "When do you want to start?"

"Now," Eric returned. "You expecting trouble tonight?"

"Right, we are," said Capt. Bland. "The Nancy Lee's coming in about midnight, with a hold full o' treasure gold."

Eric Vale got up. "All right, gentlemen," he said. "We'll make an inspection of the coast lighthouses, then we'll see what happens."

Ten minutes later the dark ship had lifted from the flying field and with driving motors, vanished into the north. A storm was coming fast, rolling up huge seas that spent themselves in white foam on the rocky beach. The crew of the plane could see the intermittent flash of the Hawk Inlet light below them. They flew over it to the next light. Its beams cut the gloom like a great eye. In all they saw seven lights working perfectly. Where would the crooks strike?

Flying out to sea, they at length caught a glimpse of the riding lights of a ship. The Nancy Lee. She was heading for Hawk Inlet, and pitching like a cork. Without that light to guide her . . .

A short while later, a speedy cutter sped toward the Hawk Inlet light, her engines muted. Five men, heavily armed, stood on the fore-deck peering into the dark. At last, "Hard over, a-port!" said the big man in silhouette.

The craft came about, rolling. The anchor was let go, and a small power launch was lowered.

"We'll all go," said the big man, the leader. "They may have a reception committee waiting for us." He chuckled grimly. "Won't do 'em any good, though!"

The five figures piled into the launch and it cut off. It took them a half hour to land, because of the mountainous combers. The pilot nosed into a small cove and in a moment the five of them had drawn their craft well up on the beach.

Far above them they made out the swift, darting flashes of the warning light. And a half dozen

could not see the rising lights of the Nancy Lee were visible through the mist.

"We'll wait till she's about three miles off," the leader said. "Then I'll go up and slip 'em the bomb. The Nancy's packin' the big gun haul we ever tackled."

The syndicate's evil crew had died on the beach. They were used to this grim work. They had been operating for weeks now, and each of them had cashed a fortune in stolen wealth. They waited, greedy villains, anticipating another victim.

The leader got up. "It's time," he said, and disappeared in the gloom toward the lighthouse. It was a simple matter for him to open the lower door and climb the circular staircase to the light room. Its door was open a crack. He heard several men talking inside. Taking a small pellet from his pocket, he tossed it on the floor and drew his automatic. In less than a minute the men inside would be out, cold, from the paralyzing effects of the gas.

The voices ceased abruptly. There was a thump as someone fell off a chair, then silence. The shadowy figure entered the room, cut the light, and hurried out, closing the door. After the ship crashed, he would return and put the light on again, as he had always done. That's what had the dumb authorities mystified!

Sudden confusion reigned aboard the Nancy Lee. The lighthouse had gone dark! The skipper shouted commands, and the big ship put about. But the heavy ground swell caught her broadside, and she lost way rapidly. Where they were they couldn't tell; the sea was pitch dark. Suddenly a cry rang out from the foredeck. The lookout had heard the crash of breakers. But it was too late. It happened so quickly that none of the crew was prepared. The ship struck a sharp snag, and a torrent of water poured into her. She lifted, teetered crazily, and charged into another mass of rocks. She began heeling over.

The men on shore watched, ready. None could live in those raging seas. There would be no survivors from this job! The leader of the Doom Syndicate snapped on his powerful light and swept the battered hull of the Nancy Lee. His men answered with a horrified cry.

"Run! There's a million rats coming ashore!"

It was true. The hold of the doomed ship had been filled with huge rats, a common menace on many boats. They were abandoning ship posthaste, making for

shore. They would be dangerous to everything that lived. A pack of starved rats can overpower any number of men, by sheer numbers.

The crew dashed for the lighthouse, just ahead of the first swarming marauders. The last man to enter the lower door slammed it shut. They rushed upstairs. The heavy steel door of the light room was locked. The syndicate was trapped—trapped by a horrible enemy!

In the gray dawn, Eric Vale, his three assistants and a posse of deputies, guided the syndicate's cruiser into position a few hundred yards off Hawk Inlet. The sea had calmed. Eric had spotted the gang's boat from the air shortly after the Nancy Lee had struck. Lowering his auxiliary pontoons, he had set the plane down on the water and sent two of his men aboard; then they had rescued the crew of the wrecked ship. And, after picking up the score of deputies, they had returned to the lighthouse.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Capt. Bland. "Why there's a million rats crawlin' over that light!"

"And your men are trapped inside," said Eric Vale. "Well, this is one time that rats come in handy. They captured the Doom Syndicate as effectively as any man could!"

"But how'll we get the devils?" Nilsson wanted to know. "Those rats will beat us off—"

"There's just one way to do it," cut in Eric Vale. "Load a barge with a lot of meat and tow it out

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BALTIMORE FIREWORKS CO.

CITY OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

here. The rats will come for it, you can bet. Then spray gasoline over the barge and set fire to it... otherwise those rats will overrun the country."

Eric Vale didn't wait to see the finish. With his clever crew of assistants, he took off in the great plane. Another corner of the world needed his help. And this time an even greater menace was to match wits with him!



SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

JEAN, WHO IS ONE OF THE FINEST CHARACTER ACTORS IN HOLLYWOOD, HAS BEEN UNDER CONTRACT FOR 25 YEARS. WHILE MOST STARS' POPULARITY SPAN IS AROUND 5 YEARS, HERSHOLT'S CAREER DATES BACK TO THE SILENT PICTURES!



Jean
Hersholt

BUT SHIRLEY, I'LL BUY YOU AN ICE CREAM CONE IF YOU'LL CONTRIBUTE \$500 TO THE RELIEF FUND...



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ASIDE FROM HIS DUTIES AS PRESIDENT OF ONE OF THE ACTOR'S RELIEF FUNDS, JEAN IS CONSTANTLY REMINDING MOVIE PEOPLE THAT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE...

JEAN HERSHOLT

MR. HERSHOLT WILL HAFTA READ FAST T'DAY IF HE'S GOING TO READ A STORY TO EACH ONE OF US!



HERSHOLT'S COLLECTION OF ANDERSON'S FAIRY TALES IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST.

YOU'VE GOT A PHONE CALL, MR. HERSHOLT. BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG, I SEEM TO HEAR FIVE VOICES AT ONCE!



HERSHOLT IS VERY FOND OF THE FAMOUS DIONNE QUINTUPLETS WITH WHOM HE HAS APPEARED ON THE SCREEN.

WIZARD WELLS

The Man of Science

THE
HOUSE
OF
FEAR

WIZARD WELLS, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN WALT BACE, WAS BECOMING AN OUTCAST AS A SCIENTIST AND ADVENTURER. WELLS, AND HIS BUNCH DRUNK HANDYMAN, TUG, WERE STUMBLED INTO AN EXTORTION SACKET THERE- BY DENYING THE ALIBI OF BLACK HORDA BACHTER AND THE FRIENDSHIP OF PRETTY HARRY DEERY, THE DAUGHTER OF ONE OF HORDA'S VICTIMS.

IT WAS THRILLING HE WELLS THE WAY YOU MADE HORDA DROP HIS GUNS AND I DO WISH THAT MORE OF THE SHOP-KEEPERS COULD HAVE SEEN YOU KICK HIM OUT INTO THE BUTTER!

IN HARRY DEERY'S SHOP

JUST SEEING IT, GOT ME OVER MY FEAR OF HIM!

THAT'S A STUPIDOUS IDEA, MISS-ER-MARY! IF THEY COULD SEE HORDA GROWELLING, THEY'D LOSE THEIR FEARS AND GO TO THE POLICE!

THE CLEVER THING TO DO IS TO SET THE STAGE, ARRANGE FOR OUR AUDIENCE OF SHOP-KEEPERS... AND THEN MAKE HORDA COME AFTER US!

YOU WILL BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU?

HEY, LOOKIT! WIZ, HERE'S HORDA'S FAMOUS SOLID GOLD GUNS! HE LEFT 'EM BEHIND!

HE KARRT GOLD! EXCEPT FOR THE BARRELS AND THE FIRING MECHANISM... HUH, THAT OPENS UP AN INTERESTING FIELD OF SPECULATION... BY JOVE, I HAVE IT!

I WISH HE WEREN'T SO RECKLESS!

TO THE A.B.C. ELECTRIC COMPANY, TUG!

OKAY, WIZ!

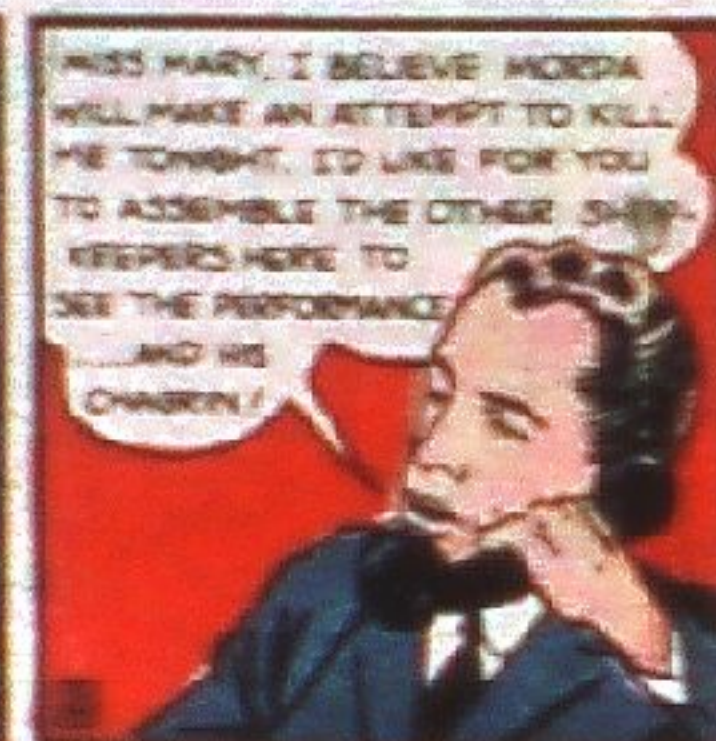
A FENCED 10,000 WATT A.C. MAGNET, AND A VARIABLE ALTERNATOR, WELL SEND THEM OUT AT ONCE, SIR!

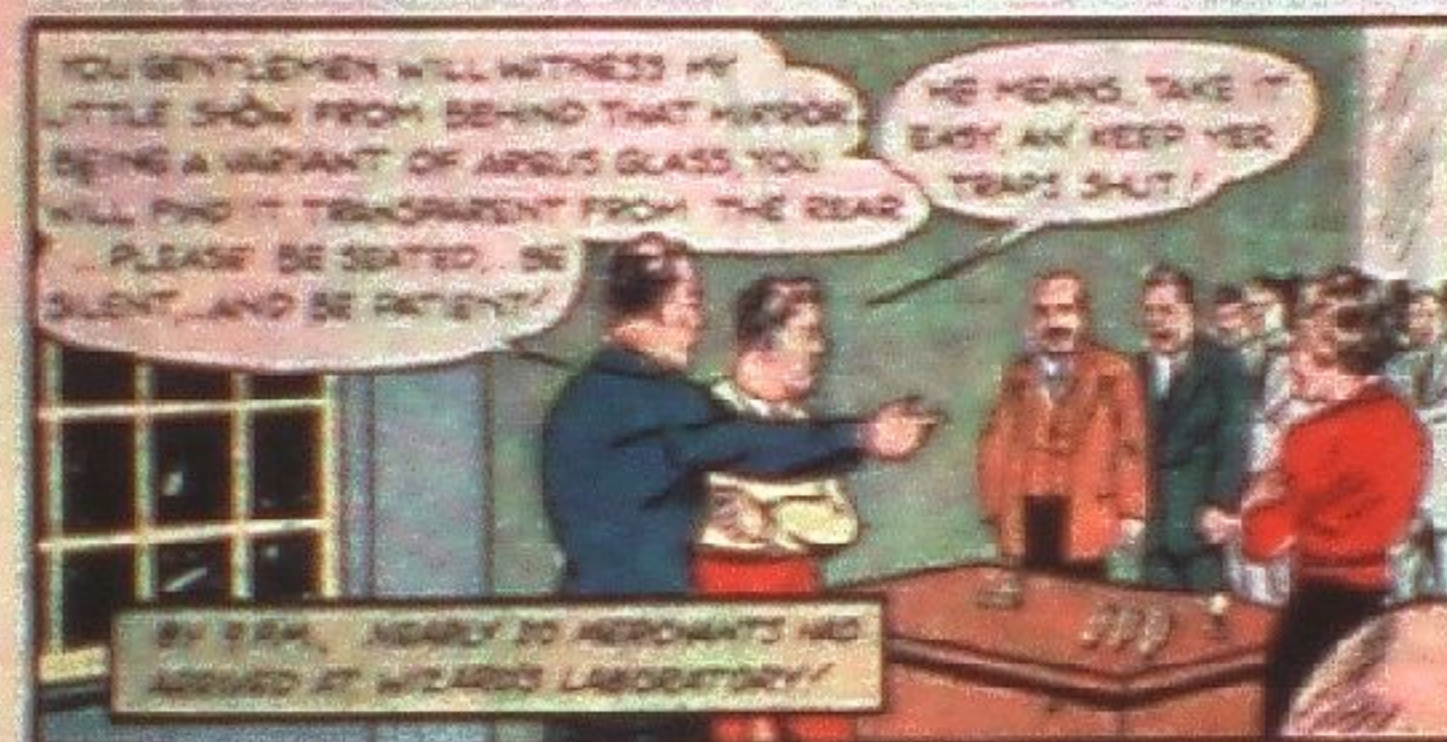
SPLENDID!

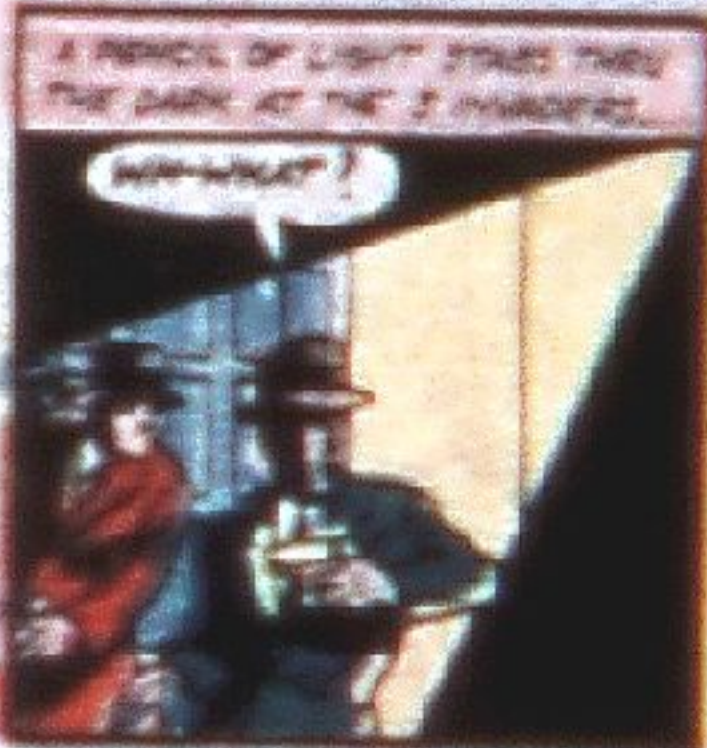
WHY YES, MR. WELLS, THE APARTMENT JUST BELOW YOUR RENT-HOUSE IS VACANT.

GOOD! I'LL RENT IT FOR ONE MONTH!

RENTAL OFFICE OF WELLS' APARTMENT

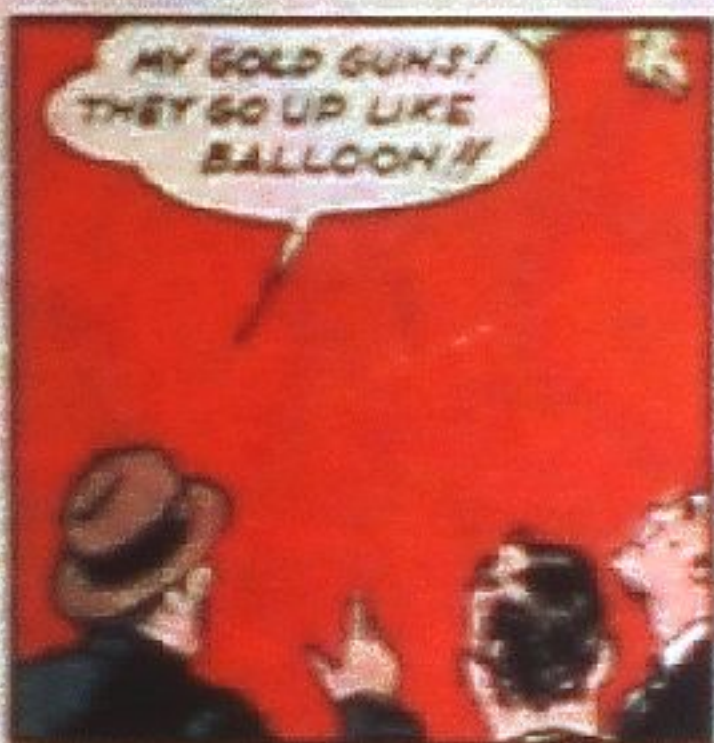








AND THE GUNS CRASH TO THE FLOOR





BOSS! IT'S A TRAP!

...AND A FENCE OF LIGHT BEAMS FORMS AROUND THE MONSTERS.



SAH! EET EES NOTHING BUT LIGHT! WE GO NOW!

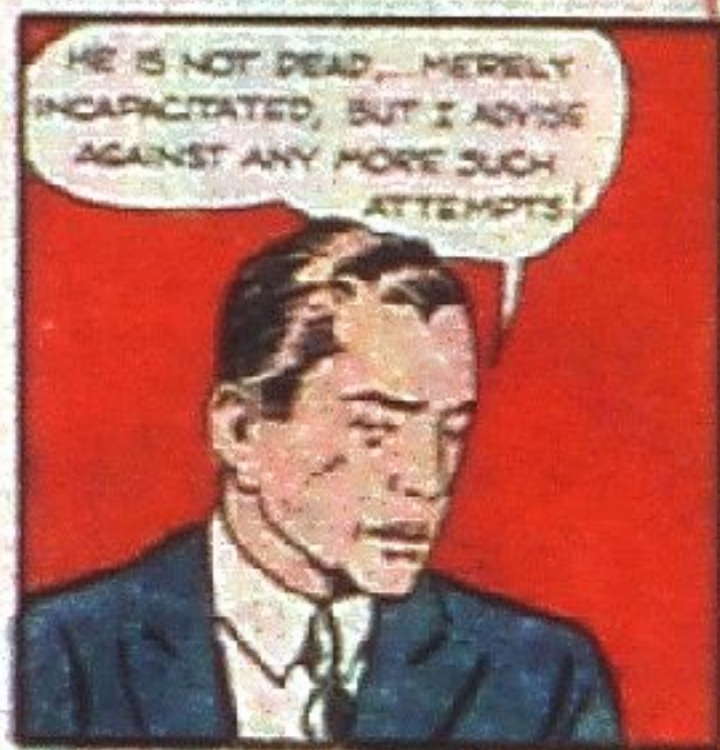
YOU TRY IT FIRST, BOSS!



MORDA DASHES TOWARD THE BEAMS.



AND AS HE TOUCHES THEM!



HE IS NOT DEAD... MERELY INCAPACITATED, BUT I ADVISE AGAINST ANY MORE SUCH ATTEMPTS!



WELL, GENTLEMEN, WILL YOU TALK... OR SHALL I GIVE YOU THE NEXT DEMONSTRATION?

NO-NO! I'LL TALK!

MORDA GOT US INTO THIS!



ALL RIGHT, MISS MARY... YOU MAY ESCORT YOUR FRIENDS FROM BEHIND THAT MIRROR!

HE MEANS, TROT 'EM OUT!



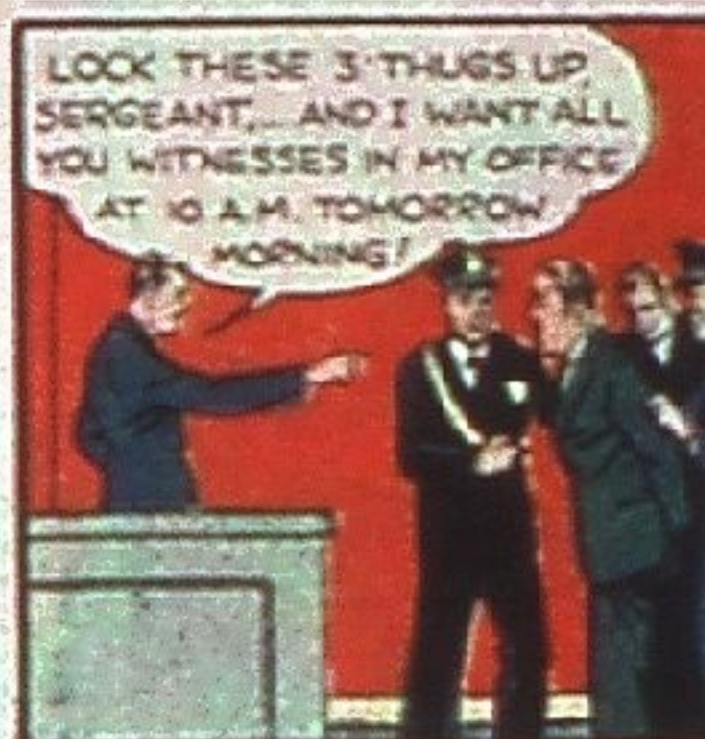
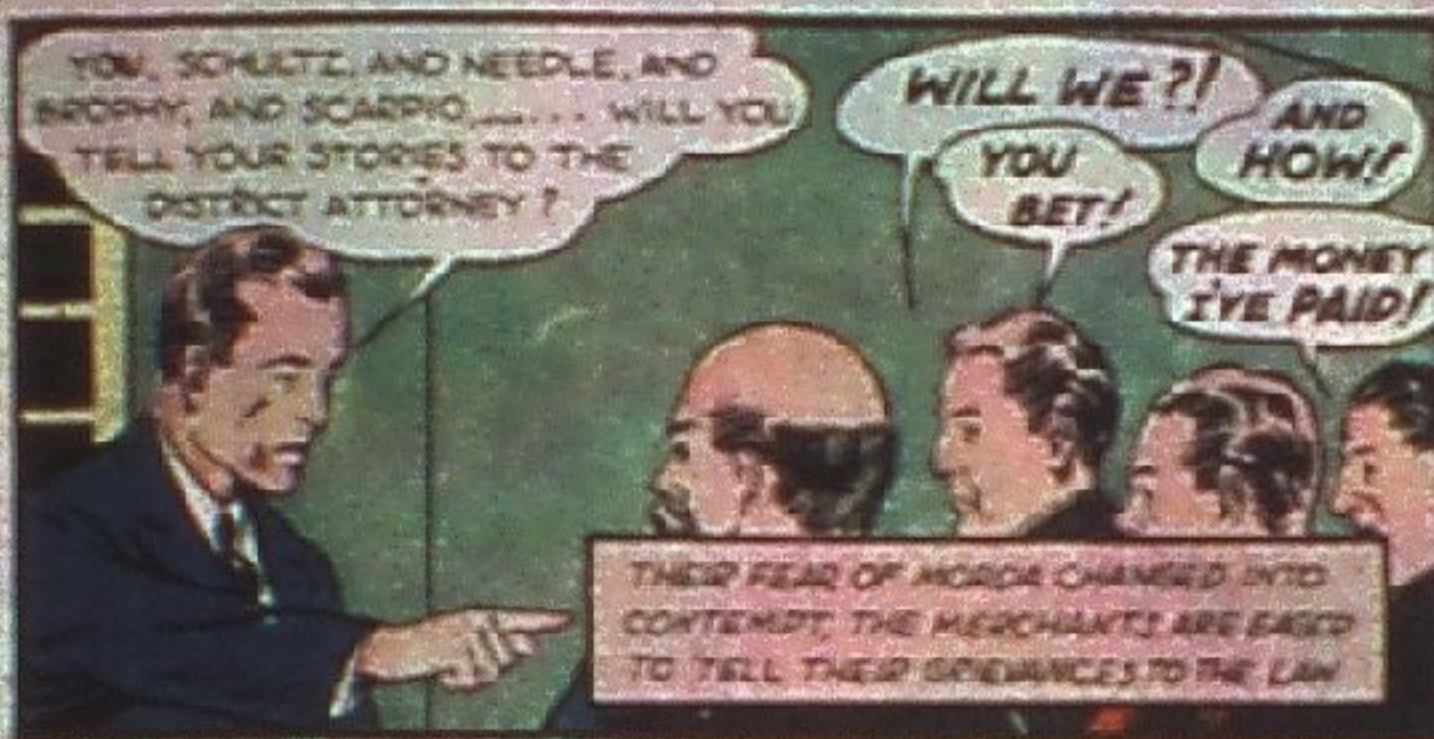
NOW, MY FRIENDS... ARE YOU STILL AFRAID OF THE FORMIDABLE MORDA?

ACH! NO!

THAT HE SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!

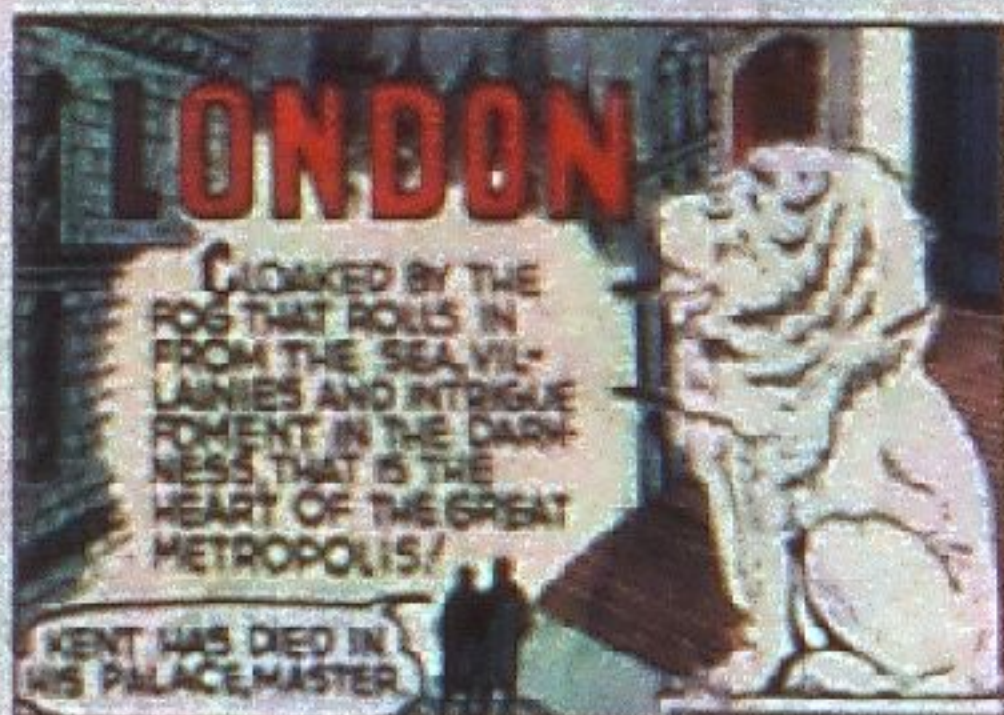
LET ME AT HIM!

THE ENRAGED STORE-KEEPER'S SWARM FROM BEHIND THE MIRROR



The Black CONDOR

by Kenneth Lewis



SOMEWHERE NORTH OF LAMA OVER THE BARREN WASTES THAT SLOPE INTO THE VALLEY OF THE SONAN RIVER THE KENT PARTY DRIVES ON TOWARD RAJ.....



FROM THE CRAGS IN THE SURROUNDING CLIFFS EVIL EYES FOLLOW THEIR PROGRESS.



THEN



ATTACK! REMEMBER! DO NOT HARM THE WOMAN!

SWARMING FROM THEIR HIDING DESERT BANDITS SWOOP DOWN ON THE PARTY.



THOUGH OUTNUMBERED THE KENT CARAVAN PROVES A MATCH FOR THE HOWLING BORDER BANDITS



BUT MORE MEN POUR FROM THE HILLS AND THE PARTY IS MASSACRED.....



SUDDENLY WITH A SHOUT A NEW BAND APPEARS!



THUNDERING DOWN AND DRIVING AWAY THE FIRST ATTACKERS!



THEY ARE THE HORSEMEN OF ALI KAN... TO THE RESCUE!



FOLLOW THE DOGS! I WILL LOOK AFTER THE WHITE LADY!



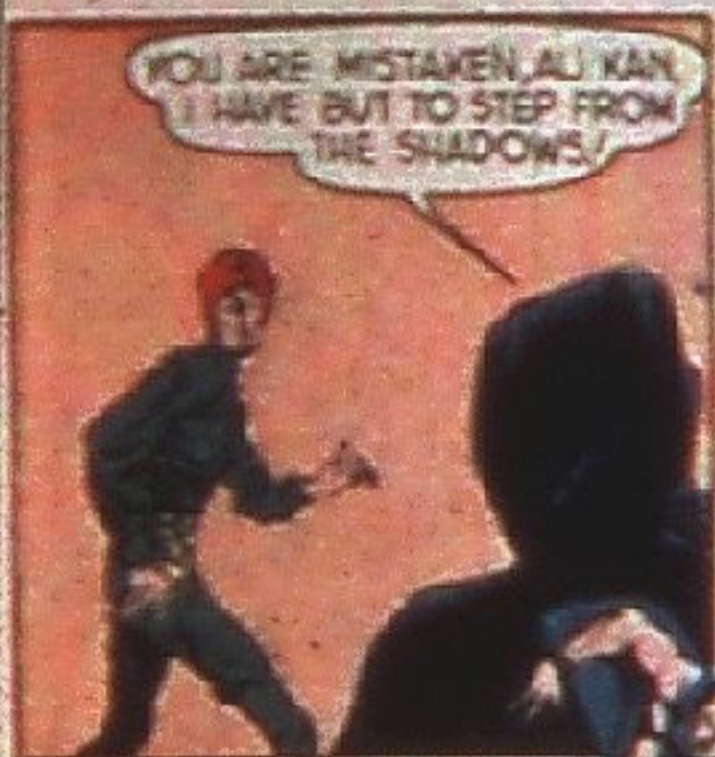
ANDREA... ANDREA KENT! BY THE PROPHET'S BEARD! IF THEY'VE HARMED YOU—

OH, I'M ALL RIGHT, ALL BUT DENNY... THEY'VE KILLED HIM!

HORRIBLE! I'LL SEE THAT THOSE DOGS PAY FOR IT... ER— IT IS FORTUNATE THAT I ARRIVED WHEN I DID FOR AT LEAST I SAVED YOU... COME, WE WILL GO TO MY PALACE.







YOU ARE MISTAKEN, AL KAN.
I HAVE BUT TO STEP FROM
THE SHADOWS!

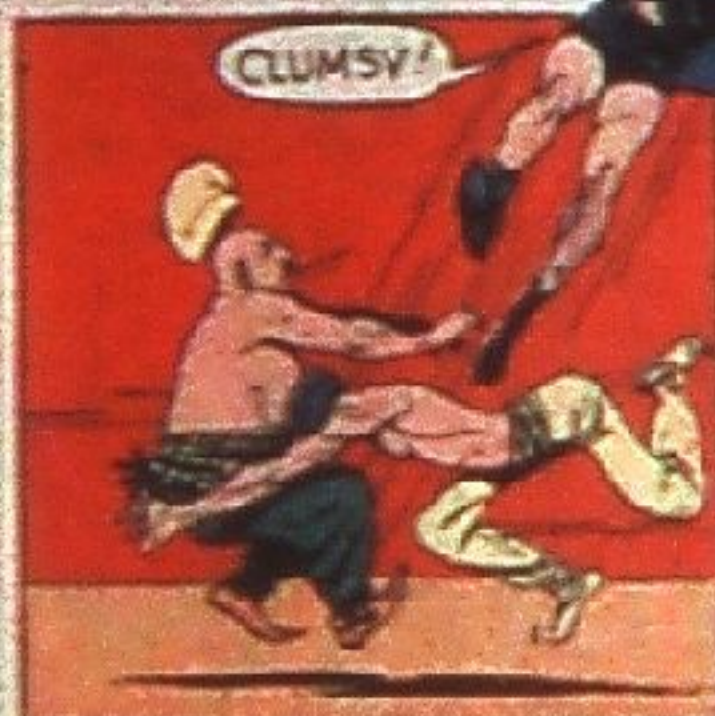


YOUR BRAVERY IS MATCHED ONLY
BY YOUR FOOLHARDINESS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT
OF ME?



I HAD A LONG TALK WITH DENNY
OUT ON THE DESERT... I'VE
COME FOR ANDREA KENT!

YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH/SEIZE
HIM!!!



CLUMSY!



LIVE AN ARROW HE FLIES
TO THE CEILING!

FOOLS!
FOOLS!
BAH!



CUT THE CANDELABRA
DOWN.....HURRY.
HE'LL FLY OFF.

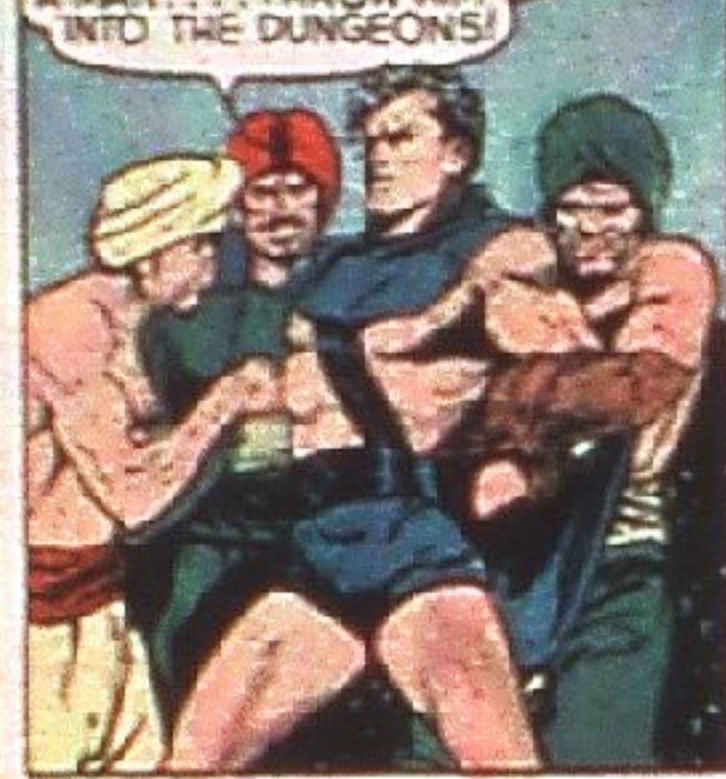


REALIZING HIS
GRAVE FIGHT,
THE BLACK
CONDOR AT-
TACKS...

HERE,
PUT
YOUR
HEADS
TOGETHER!



BUT HE IS SOON OVERWHELMED!



HA HA HA! THE GREAT BLACK
CONDOR IS AFTER ALL JUST
A MAN... THROW HIM
INTO THE DUNGEONS!



I HAVE A NEW CAGE
FOR YOUR DARING
MAN-BIRD!



EVEN THE OTHER PRISONERS KNOW OF
THE BLACK CONDOR AND CALL FOR HIS
ASSISTANCE...



AND AS HE IS THROWN INTO
A CAGE THEIR PITEOUS CRIES
STILL RING IN HIS EARS...



YOUR REIGN OF
TERROR IS ENDED.
ALL... I'LL RID
THIS COUNTRY
OF YOUR POWER!



HA! YOU CUD
BRAVELY BUT
THE GREAT
BLACK CONDOR
IS NOW A
HELPLESS
CANARY!



TOMORROW
YOU'LL BE
SPORT
FOR MY
ARCHERS!

HIS ANGER GRIPS HIM AS
THE LAST CHIVERS OF KAN
AND HIS DEVILISH LAUGH-
TER ECHO DOWN THE LONG
CORRIDORS...



HE CRASHES AGAINST THE STEEL BARS
OF HIS CAGE, BUT IN VAIN...



JUST THEN HE
HEARS A LOW
SOUND, THE
CALL OF THE
GREAT CONDOR!



HE WHIRLS EXCITEDLY
AND IN THE TONGUE
OF GREAT BIRDS GIVES
HIS FEATHERED FRIEND
INSTRUCTIONS!



AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING THE
BLACK CONDOR IS CARRIED IN HIS
CAGE TO A GREAT SQUARE



AT A SIGNAL THE CAGE IS DRAWN
UP TO THE TOP OF A TALL POLE
BY A DOZEN SLAVES.



LISTEN TO MY ARCHERS
SHOUT! THEY GROW IM-
PATIENT FOR THE
GAME!

HA HA!



HOIST THE DOOR
AND LET THE
MAN-BIRD OUT!
THE FIRST TO
BRING HIM
DOWN WILL
RECEIVE 100
RUPEE!



BEFORE THE BARS ARE FULLY
RAISED THE BLACK CONDOR
SHOOTS INTO SPACE WITH
THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

DEFTLY DODGING THE HAIL OF ARROWS, HE IS FURTHER PROTECTED BY A FLIGHT OF CONDORS.



THEN SUDDENLY SWOOPING DOWN TO THE SQUAD, HE SEIZES A BOW AND OLIVER FROM A STARTLED ARCHER AND ZOOMS SKYWARD AGAIN.



NOW, ALI KAN, I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HE'LL KILL US ALL!



JUST A MOMENT, ALI KAN... WE'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE!



YOU LEFT ME AS SPORT FOR YOUR FRIENDS—THEREFORE, I SHALL RETURN THE COMPLIMENT!



LEAVING ALL SUSPENDED BY HIS PANTS ON THE VERY POST HE HAD SET UP, THE BLACK CONDOR FLIES OFF TO RESCUE ANDREA...



SHE'S LOCKED IN THIS TOWER!



ANDREA, COME WITH ME!



THIS MUST BE A DREAM! NO MAN CAN FLY LIKE A BIRD! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?



WE'RE GOING TO RAJ PROVINCE.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED BY THE HEIGHT... YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE WITH ME.



AMAZING! THIS IS LIKE RIDING ON A MAGIC CARPET!

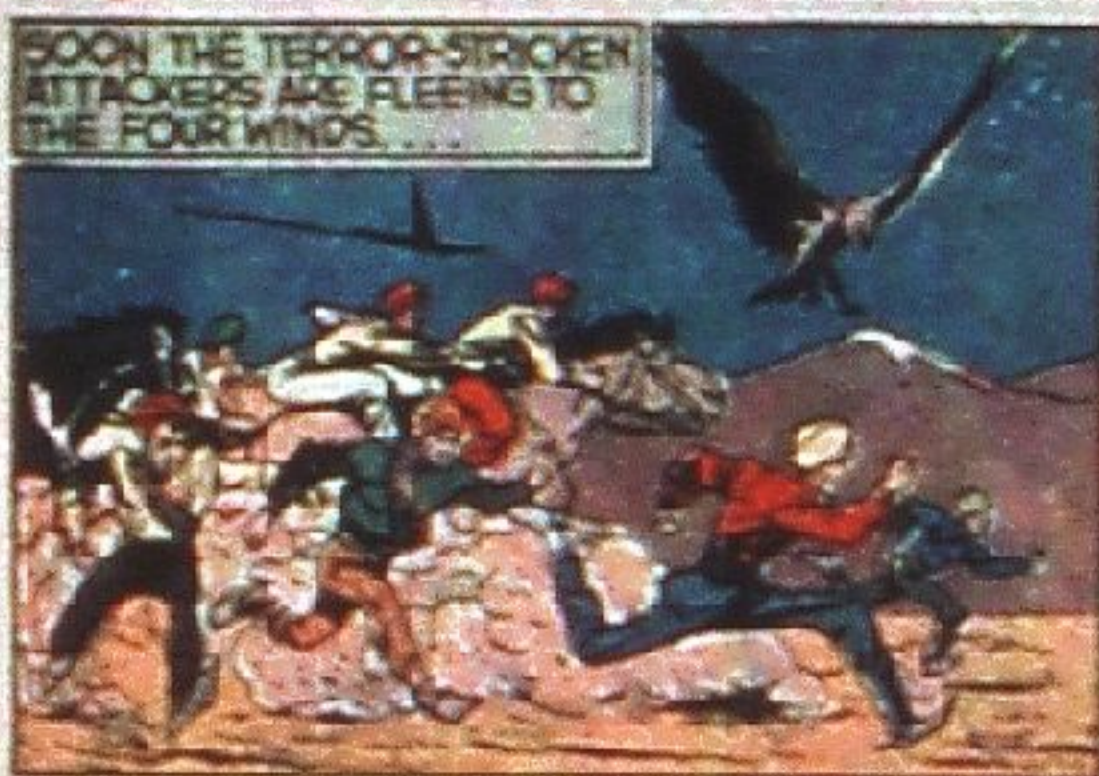
AS THE TWO SOAR OVER RAJ, THEY SEE THE TROOPS OF ALI KAN SENT AHEAD TO INVADE THE CAPITAL.



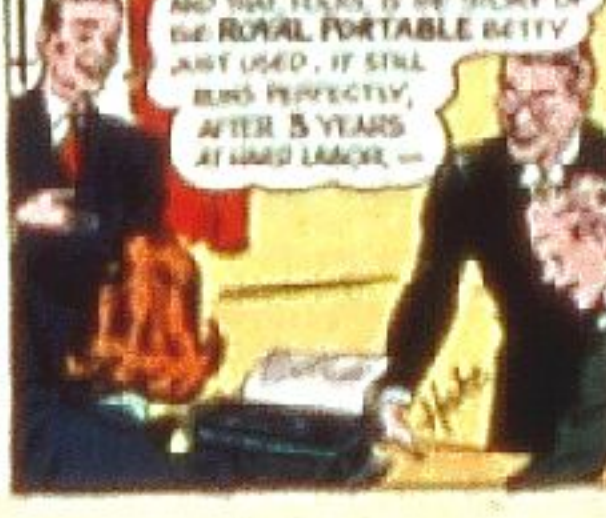
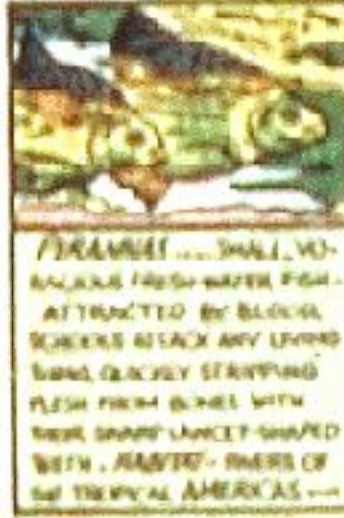
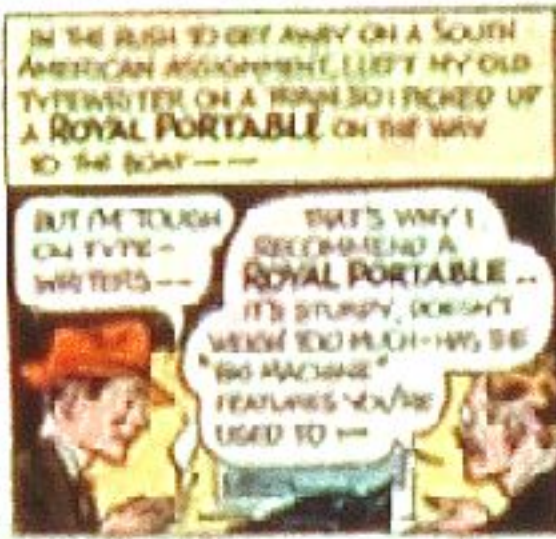
I'LL TEND TO THEM! BUT FIRST—

I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



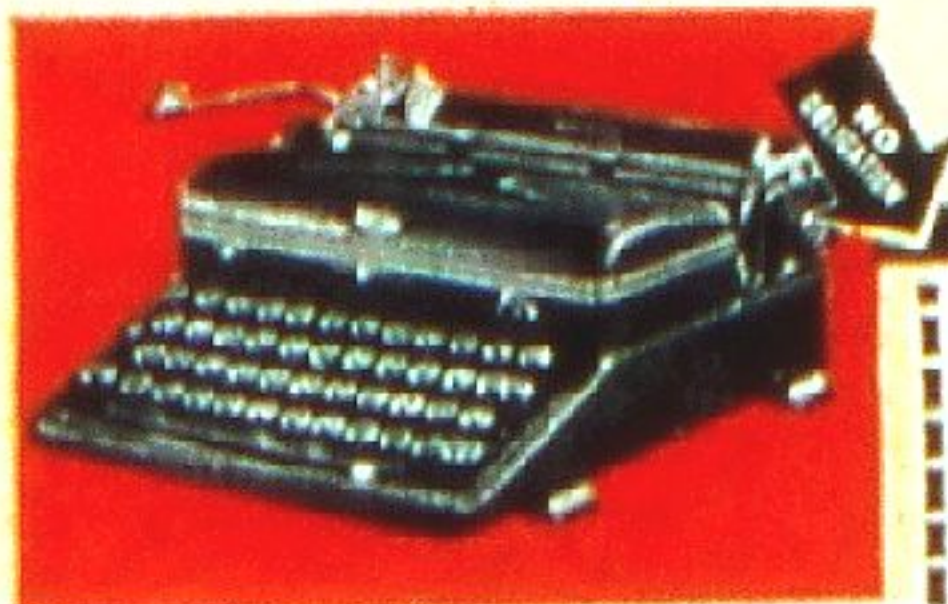


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2 Sky Bombs (new shell) .30	2 Red Torch .10
1 Roman Candle (10 balls) .80	1 Sky Bomb .10
5 Sky Rockets (stars) .50	1 Fly. Lady Crackers .10
10 Niggerhead .10	1 Crashing Volcano .10
10 Grasshoppers .10	5 Buster Salutes .05
10 Penny Flash Salutes .10	1 Whistling Cyclone .10
5 Glitterbombs .10	2 Giant Liberty Salutes .10
10 Bombshell Salutes .10	1 Ex. Lg. Whistling Hand Grenade .10
1 Whistling Tracer Bomb .10	2 Geyse Fire .10
14 Sparklers .10	1 Fly. Jumbo Crackers .10
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